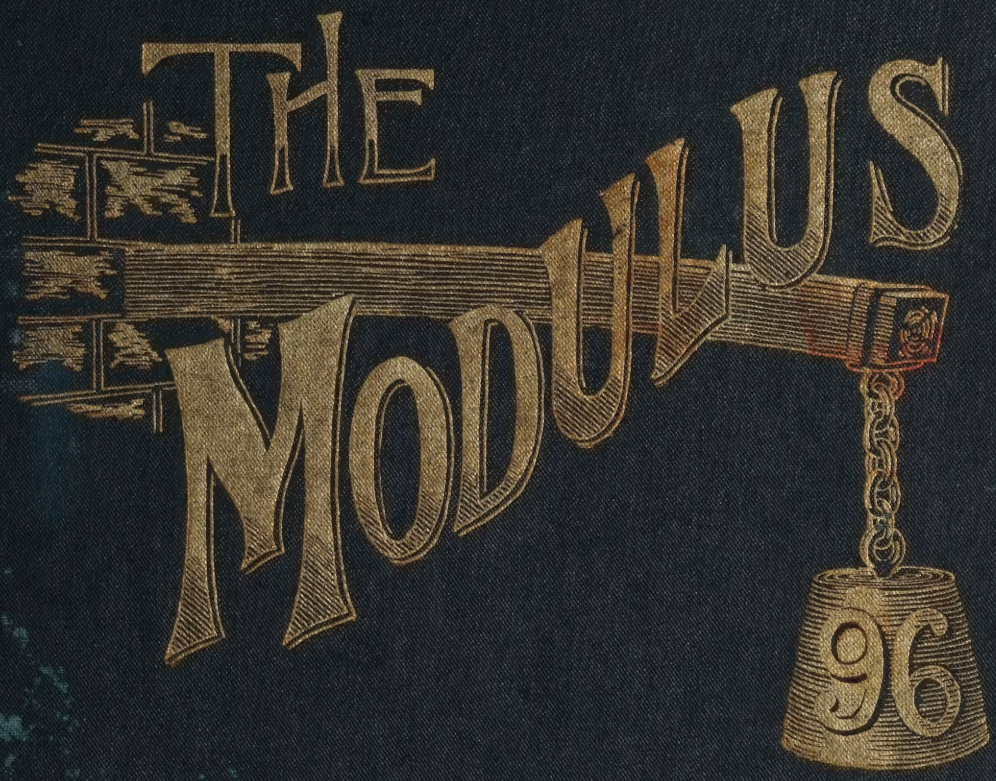
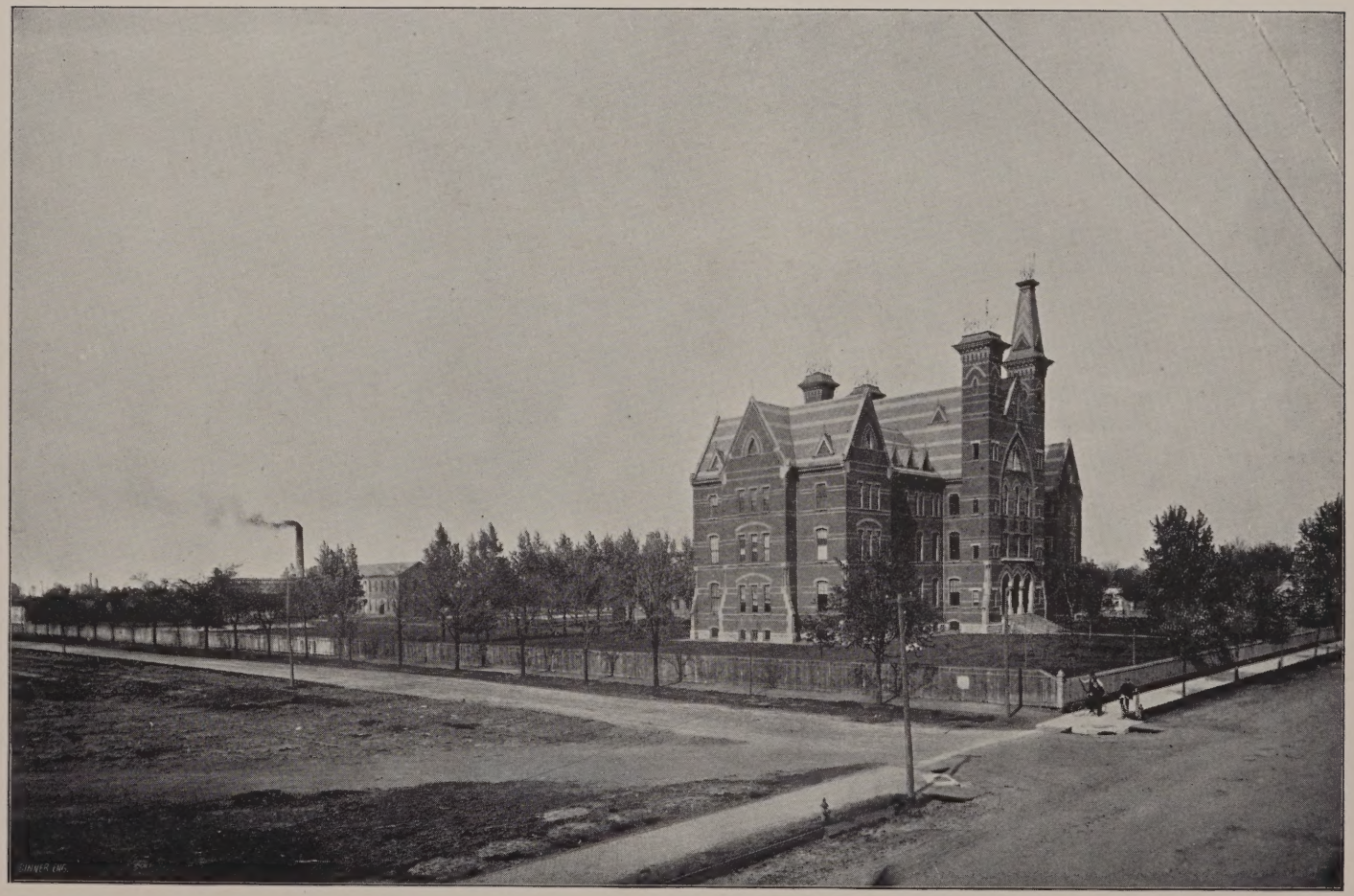
THE MODULUS

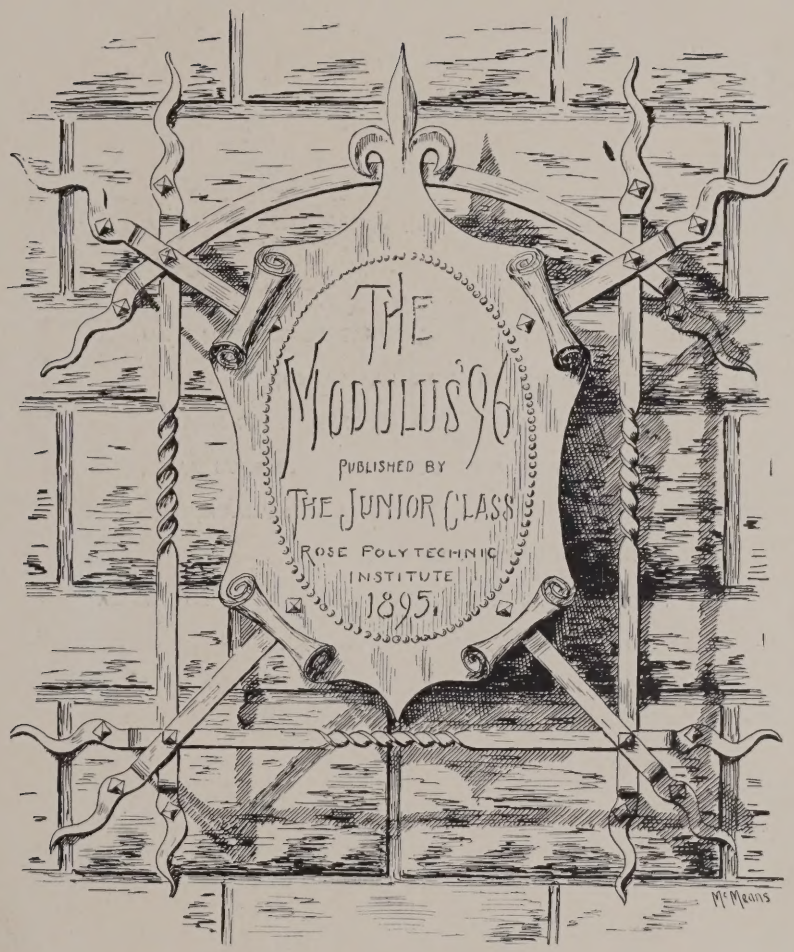


ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 07170 9478

GC
977.202
T27RP
1896



THE CAMPUS.


THE
MODULUS '96
PUBLISHED BY
THE JUNIOR CLASS
ROSE POLYTECHNIC
INSTITUTE
1895.
McMeans

TO——

THOSE OF OUR FRIENDS WHO EXPECT TO GET ROASTED,
FRIED OR FRICASEED, BAKED OR TOASTED,
MINCED OR SCRAMBLED, OR MADE INTO HASH,
THROUGH JOKES, OR PUNS, OR COMMENTS RASH,
WE ONLY REQUEST THAT YOU HOLD YOUR PEACE,
AND NOT ADVISE US WHEN TO CEASE;
WHILE WE WILL ENDEAVOR YOUR LOVE TO RENEW
BY DEDICATING THIS BOOK TO YOU.

Introduction.

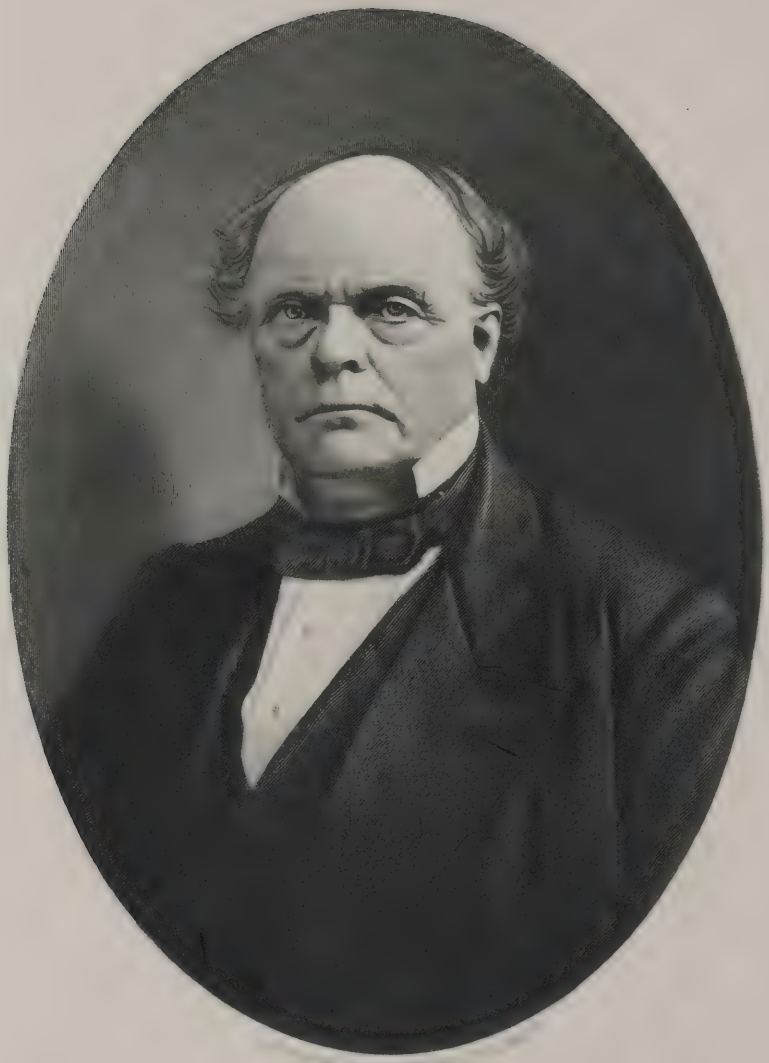
SINCE the class of '92 introduced the MODULUS into the arena of college annuals, succeeding classes have consecutively abandoned the idea of publishing class souvenirs until the mantle of responsibility descended upon the present Juniors, who having taken up the idea with their characteristic enthusiasm, and in spite of obstacles which attend any attempt to leave the beaten track, now present this second MODULUS to the friends of Rose.

As with all college annuals, its primary object is to be a souvenir of the class publishing it, in a measure to chronicle the happenings of the year, and if possible to let the light rest glimmeringly upon those traits of character and consequent actions which will bring our college days vividly to mind in after life.

This being the first Junior annual for Rose Polytechnic, the name MODULUS was not adopted from any sense of obligation, but in the hope that a precedent might be established which would lead succeeding classes to the choice of this title for similar publications.

We are under obligations to Mr. J. B. Aikman, Secretary of the Alumni Association, Professor Wickersham and others for the articles they have kindly contributed, and extend our thanks to our many friends for the aid and encouragement they have given us, and without which the publication of the MODULUS would have been impossible.

GO, little booklet, go
Over the hilltops and hollers,
Rustle up lots of subscribers,
And send in their rusty old dollars.



Chauncey Rose

Chauncey Rose.

CHAUNCEY ROSE, founder of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana, was born in a retired farm-house, on the Wethersfield Meadows, in Connecticut, December 24, 1794, and died at Terre Haute, Indiana, August 13, 1877. John Rose, his father, was the son of John Rose, who emigrated from the highlands of Scotland early in the last century.

Chauncey Rose survived his six brothers and sister, all of whom were without children: so that, when he died, also childless, at the age of 83, he was the "last of his race."

Chauncey Rose's education consisted of a brief attendance upon the common schools of his district; but he inherited good health, and was endowed with energy, courage, a strong intellect, and abundant common sense. His firmness of will did no discredit to his Scotch ancestry, and his unflinching integrity in purpose and act were marks of his Puritan nature. To this combination of traits was added the habit of self-reliance, bred in him by the careful training of his father; a trait that is the essential quality of all strong characters, and in Mr. Rose was conspicuous.

Mr. Rose settled in Terre Haute in 1818. There were but two cabins in Terre Haute, and the nearest boarding place was at Fort Harrison. In 1819 he moved to Parke County and engaged in the business of milling. He sawed and furnished the lumber for the court house erected in the public square, and returned to Terre Haute in 1825. From that date (1825) Mr. Rose engaged in trade, and became one of the most popular and successful merchants of the region. His profits were judiciously invested in land, which he worked by the most approved methods, until, acre by acre, it gradually passed, with the increase of population, from farm lands into city lots. In these and other ways, open only to those who improve the opportunities of a new country, he amassed a large fortune. Mr. Rose was foremost in securing the railroad transportation in the new state. He bore the prin-

cipal labor of building the T. H. & I., and contributed largely to the building of the E. & T. H. and the roads to Crawfordsville and to Danville.

Mr. Rose was not indifferent to religion. He contributed toward nearly every church in Terre Haute, and was always a pretty regular attendant at church. When he came west, Mr. Rose promised to visit his mother in Connecticut every year. This annual visit was often performed on horse back and rarely omitted, during his mother's life. After her death he gave the old homestead to the town of Wethersfield, with $3,000 to improve it, and added $2,000 for the town library, and $12,000 to endow an academy.

Mr. Rose dispensed many private charities unknown to any one but the recipients and himself, and for some years before his death was chiefly exercised in determining the most suitable way to dispose of his fortune to the best advantage of the community in which it had been acquired.

One act in his life is especially unique and remarkable. He found that, for many reasons, the will of his brother, if executed under the laws of New York, would not accomplish his brother's clearly defined intentions. He accordingly instituted legal proceedings, and after nearly six years of vexatious litigation, succeeded in setting the will aside. He then became sole heir to an estate of $1,600,000. As the representative of his brother, therefore, voluntarily and without any compulsion, he disposed of this large sum in charities in New York in such a way as to carry out his brother's intentions.

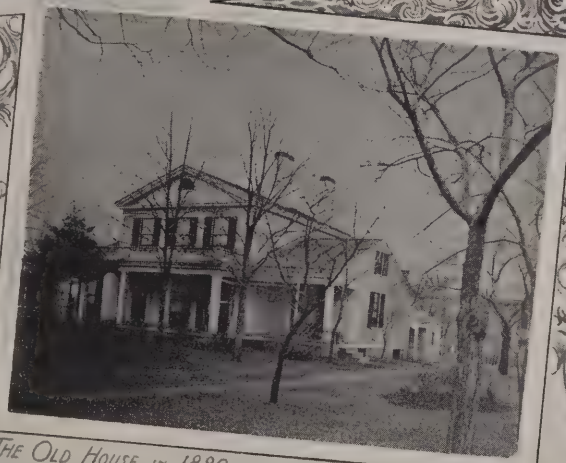
Mr. Rose then began to arrange for the final disposition of his own estate, very large for that time and place. His principal donations were to the Ladies' Aid Society, to the founding of the Rose Free Dispensary, the Rose Orphans' Home and the Rose Polytechnic Institute, in all over a million dollars in and about Terre Haute.

This is a brief resumé of the principal events in the life of this distinguished man. Such events as would properly appear in a formal memoir;* here we may be permitted to add a few traits, incidents, etc., that we have picked up here and

*A memoir of Chauncey Rose was compiled and published in 1883. From it the above data have been obtained.

THE ROSE DISPENSARY

THE ROSE ORPHANS HOME



THE OLD HOUSE IN 1880

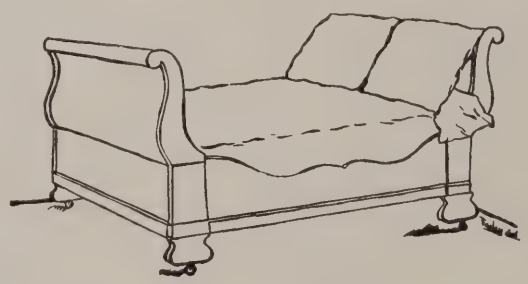
FIRST OIL WELL IN TERRE HAUTE

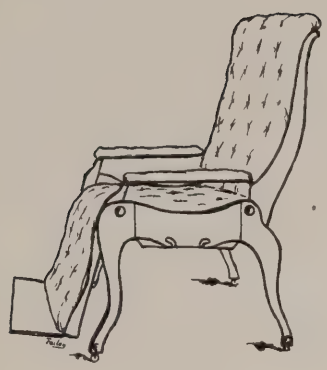
BINNER ENG.

there regarding Mr. Rose, such little things as give us a better insight into his daily life and private character. Mr. Rose knew how to watch the dimes and save them as well as to give them away. He wanted every man to pay him his debts scrupulously. He could then return the money if he chose, and he often did so, but paid it must be. He believed in simple living, and after he began to contemplate the Rose Orphans' Home, he would often advise the members of his household to refrain from making some proposed expenditure, saying it would be taking the food from some poor orphan's mouth. He kept a purse for private charity, and this becoming known caused him and his family much annoyance; begging calls at the door became very frequent. Mr. Rose had plenty of temper—Scotch temper, probably, and could use vigorous language when his sense of righteous indignation was aroused. He was not afraid to take hold of work himself and it is said he has been seen many a time at the corner by the Terre Haute House, then his hotel, with a hoe in his hand scraping the mud from the crossings. It would do his heart good now if he could behold some of our dandified seniors with hair parted in the middle and perfumed with attar of roses, from dancing attendance upon the fair daughters of Terre Haute bon ton society, lay aside their fine raiment, draw on a pair of greasy overalls and go to shoveling coal or piling lumber or even cleaning out a steam boiler. There is in the library of the Polytechnic a photograph of Mr. Rose putting down the first Terre Haute oil well. It shows Mr. Rose in his character of a workman. He was very fond, too, of trimming his trees and working about in his lawn and garden. It is safe to say that few of the larger trees in the yard at the corner of Chestnut and Seventh street have not felt the touch of Mr. Rose's jack knife. Mr. Rose had one good quality that has not often been described: He knew how to attach those who served him to himself with a warm feeling of affection. There are two old gentlemen living in Terre Haute today, who must have worked for Mr. Rose some 25 or 30 years. Serving men of the good old fashioned sort, who were in a certain sense members of the family; who knew how to make their employer's interests their own, and who expected to be mentioned in his will and were not disap-

pointed. These men have many recollections of Mr. Rose and a warm interest in everything connected with him.

Mr. Rose built the house on the northeast corner of Chestnut and Seventh, and also, later, the one immediately west of it; because, he said, he owed it to Terre Haute to build a good dwelling house. He, however, himself preferred the old frame building to the more pretentious house newly erected. So there he continued to live, and there he finally died. Mrs. Heminway, like Mr. Rose in her tastes, preferred the old house to the new, and became its possessor after Mr. Rose's death. The house has undergone very considerable alterations, yet it is essentially the same. Its modest exterior, broad verandah, low roof and rambling outlines and position in the midst of a grassy yard, or orchard nearly a full block in size, give it very much the appearance of an old New England farm house. The traditions about the place have been very carefully preserved. The east wing, opening off the parlor, has been kept essentially as Mr. Rose left it. His bed room was here and a small room for books. His bed, the one on which he died, an old mahogany bedstead of French pattern, and various other articles of furniture that belonged to him are still here. His invalid chair has been doing charitable work ever since Mr. Rose's time, as it has been constantly and freely loaned to any one in town who required its services. But perhaps to the citizens of Terre Haute the most interesting spot in this interesting old place is the library. This is really an historic room. During Mr. Rose's time it was the financial heart of the community. It would be futile to attempt to count the business careers that have begun in this room. It was the meeting place of all the committees, trustees, directors, managers of the various enterprises of profit and charity with which Mr. Rose was connected. It was a combination of sitting room, office and library.] [Here the Polytechnic originated. Here the directors used to meet and later on here Col.





W. K. Edwards, first Secretary of the Board of Managers of Rose Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Nippert, Mr. Collett, Mr. Peddle and other friends of Mr. Rose and his institutions were frequent visitors. Not only the traditions but the atmosphere of the place has been kept the same. The same kind of people have been welcomed here as before, and while the old house has never been made the scene of festivities, it is safe to say no other room in Terre Haute is the center of so extended a social life in a quiet way, as the old Rose library. It is true the walls and the window at which Mr. Rose used to sit are about all that remain as they used to be, but it is easy for the imagination to call up again the great events of the old times. It is safe to say that hundreds of wills have been made in this room. Mr. Rose had no superstition about making wills, and used to make and unmake them often. It was here that Mr. Rose refused to sell the T. H. & I. railroad, though he wanted to sell and was offered his price. He refused because the purchasers would not treat all the other stockholders as they did him. He insisted they should give the same price to all stockholders who wanted to sell. The would-be purchasers threatened to "bring the old man to his milk" by paralleling the road. Mr. Rose said then he would extend the line to St. Louis, but this he was prevented from doing by his advancing age. No event in the man's life, not even the adjustment of his brother's estate, shows his downright honesty in opposition to his own interests so well as this.

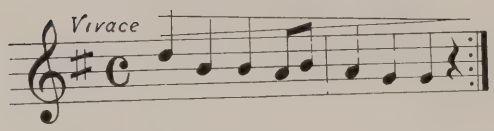
Mr. Rose's life will well repay study, especially by our Polytechnic students. It is full of good traits worthy of imitation, and not at all too perfect to be human.

Poly Slogan.

R.—P! R.—P! RAH—RAH! RAH—RAH!
R.—P! R.—P! RAH—RAH! RAH—RAH!
HOO—RAH! HOO—RAH!
ROSE POLYTECHNIC!
RAH! RAH! RAH!

Flag.

Whistle.



Pin.

Colors.

Old Rose and White.

THE INSTITUTE.

Board of Managers.

HON. RICHARD W. THOMPSON, L. L. D., *President.*

HON. WILLIAM MACK, *Vice President.*

RAY G. JENCKES, Esq., *Secretary.*

DEMAS DEMING, Esq., *Treasurer.*

PRESTON HUSSEY, Esq.

WILLIAM C. BALL, B. A.

LESLIE D. THOMAS, A. M.

WILLIAM S. REA, Esq.

ROBERT S. COX, Esq.

The Faculty.

Carl Leo Mees, Ph. D.,
President and Professor of Physics.

William L. Ames. B. S.,
Professor of Machine Drawing and Design.

James A. Wickersham, A. M.,
Professor of Languages.

William A. Noyes, Ph. D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

Malvard A. Howe, C. E ,
Professor of Civil Engineering.

Thomas Gray, Ph. D.,
Professor of Dynamic and Electrical Engineering, and Dean.

Charles S. Brown, M. E.,
Professor of Steam Engineering.

Arthur S. Hathaway, B. S.,
Professor of Mathematics.

Edwin Place, M. M. E.,
Lecturer on Electrical Construction and Instructor in Laboratory.

Robert L. McCormick, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics.

Harold H. Ballard, Ph. D.,
Instructor in Chemistry.

John B. Peddle, B. S.,
Instructor in Drawing.

Morton C. Andrews, B. S.,
Instructor in Civil Engineering.

R. R. C. Simon,
Instructor in German.

R. R. C. SIMON, ... Librarian
MRS. S. P. BURTON, ... Registrar
MISS HANNA F. SMITH, ... Assistant Librarian

Instructors in the Shops.

Charles S. Brown, M. E., *Superintendent.*

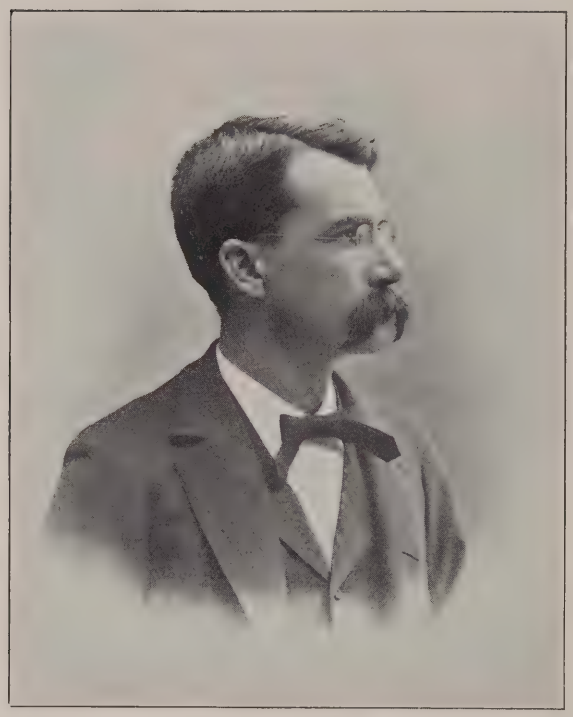
Garrett W. Logan,	*Instructor in Machine Work.*
William P. Smith,	*Instructor in Wood Work.*
Alexander Nicholson,	*Instructor in Forging and Tempering.*
Harry W. Dickinson,	*Instructor in Foundry Practice.*
Benjamin Grosvenor,	*Engineer and Instructor in Boiler Management.*

LIBRARY.

DRAWING ROOM.

PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

HALLWAY—SECOND FLOOR.



C. Leo Meer

Biographical.

CARL LEO MEES, Ph. D.

President and Professor of Physics.

Our President, Carl Leo Mees, was born in Columbus, Ohio, on May 20, 1853, in which city his early days were passed, and where he received the education of the common schools. As an educational man it is noteworthy that he is from a family of teachers; the father a minister, and mother, sisters and brothers all being teachers in sciences and arts.

At the early age of eighteen he was graduated from the Ohio State University, and four years later was graduated and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the Starling Medical College. Meanwhile, for the years 1870–75, he also held the office of assistant chemist of the Ohio Geological Survey, and during three years of this time did exhaustive work with Prof. Wormley on micrometric measurements of blood corpuscles. In this were introduced his ideas of the application of photography and microscopy to measurements, which work forms much of the basis for Prof. Wormley's edition of "The Micro-Chemistry of Poisons."

He accepted the professorship of Physics and Chemistry in the Louisville Male High School in 1876, which position he filled for four years. The years of 1880–82 were spent abroad studying in Europe, at the Imperial University, Berlin, under Helmholtz, Kirchoff, Hoffman, and then in London under Tyndall, in the laboratories of Frankland and Wanklyn, and at South Kensington. In London he did much work on methods in water analysis and the sanitary significance of such analysis. He was called from abroad to take charge of the department of Physical Science in the Ohio University, in which university he was professor of Physics and Chemistry for five years.

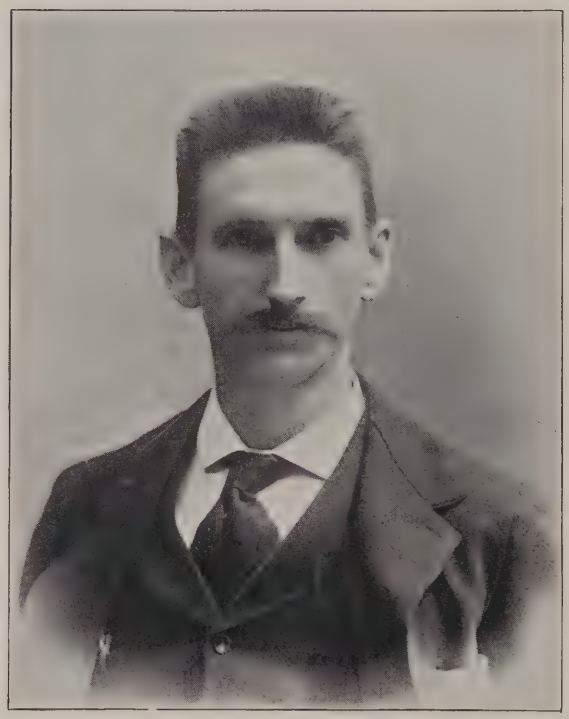
Dr. Mees came to Terre Haute from the Ohio University in 1887 to occupy the chair of Physics at Rose, and for eight years has remained in that position. For

a period after the presidency of Dr. Mendenhall, and again soon after the resignation of Dr. Eddy, he was chosen acting president, and in February, 1895, was elected by the board of directors to the presidency of the Institute.

He is a member of a number of American societies for the advancement of engineering education, has held numerous offices, and for four consecutive years was successively secretary of Council and general secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which association he has been a fellow for twenty years. He has published numerous papers on subjects in the realm of the physical sciences, among which may be mentioned "Photography Applied to Measurements," "Methods of Microscopic Measurements," "Determination of Wind Velocity in Tornadoes," "Capillary Phenomena," and others.

He has delivered many series of lectures in Cincinnati, throughout Ohio, and also in Louisville under the auspices of the Polytechnic Association of that city. Being a man of versatile genius, this, together with his keenness of perception, broad understanding and ready command of words, endows him with extraordinary power in the lecture room.

In the position of acting president, his management of Rose has been marked by judicious actions, by a hearty co-operation with the many organizations and societies within the Institute, and by improvements along various lines in keeping with the requirements of an institute of technology.



Wm L Ames.

WILLIAM L. AMES,

Professor of Drawing and Machine Design.

Professor William L. Ames was born in the little village of Kingston, near Plymouth, Mass., in 1855, and it was here amid scenes of Puritan memory that his early training in the public schools was received. At the age of eighteen he left school to connect himself with the Macon Locomotive Works, of Taunton, Mass. After three years of service here, he returned to his native city to enter the employ of the Old Colony Rivet Works. While thus engaged, his attention was directed to the importance of a higher education through the acquaintance of a graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. In the fall of 1879 he entered that institution where he continued until he graduated with the degree of B. S. in 1882.

At Worcester he had taken a special course in drawing and shown himself especially proficient in that branch, so that upon graduation he was appointed to the position of Professor of Drawing at the Rose Polytechnic Institute, by Dr. C. O. Thompson, who had just resigned the presidency of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute to accept that of the new school about to be started in Terre Haute.

To further prepare himself for the place he had accepted, Professor Ames then took a course at the Cincinnati School of Design, during the fall and winter of 1882–3, and began his work at the Rose Polytechnic in March 1883, at which time the school was opened.

He is the only person now actually connected with the Institute who has been with it since its foundation. Of the many improvements which have been made in all departments, those in drawing are not among the least. For his classes in Descriptive Geometry he uses his own text book. His notes on this subject have been revised each year, and those for the next will be put in a more substantial form than heretofore. He treats the subject in the third quadrant, which, though con-

trary to the most prevalent practice, is more in keeping with machine drawing usage. He has not restricted his educational work to the Institute, but during one winter had a class of a large number of mechanics which he instructed twice a week in mechanical drawing, and on their testimony it has been of incalculable benefit to them. His reputation among the students is flattering to his ability as an instructor. He is an active member of the Students' Camera Club, and was instrumental in its organization. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

J. A. Wickersham

JAMES A. WICKERSHAM, A. M.

Professor of Languages.

Professor Wickersham is of Quaker descent, his ancestors having come to Pennsylvania with William Penn. His parents lived in Philadelphia for a time but removed to Wilmington, Ohio, where he was born February 2d, 1851.

His early education was obtained at Hesper, Iowa, whither his parents had moved from Ohio, but here the climate proved too rigorous for his father, so they again moved, going to Lawrence, Kansas. The University of Kansas was opened about this time at Lawrence, and Professor Wickersham "grew up with the University," as he expresses it. At the University he took the preparatory course, and continuing there, he graduated in 1876 with the second graduating class, obtaining the degree of B. S. Having devoted himself especially to the study of Greek during his course, he was after graduation, given an instructorship in Greek, which position he held for two years, and at the same time gained the degree of B. A. At this time he was elected to the chair of Greek at the University, but declined, being tempted by the prospect of study abroad. Leaving America in 1878 he spent some three years abroad studying under the old German masters at Leipsig, Berlin and Fulingen, and traveling extensively in Spain, France, Italy and Greece. In 1879 he received the degree of A. M. from the University of Kansas. Upon his return from Europe in 1881 he accepted a position as principal of the high school at Franklin Falls, N. H., but soon removed from there to Chicago where he was engaged when the position which he now fills at Rose was offered him and accepted.

Professor Wickersham has a deep interest in his work at Rose, and spends not a little time and study in finding methods of teaching language which will make his recitations interesting as well as profitable to his classes; and, indeed, he has succeeded admirably. Our memories of the work in his department are pleasant from our

first composition, on through the Greek roots which made such rough ploughing; the Heroen Geschichten, the "German Walks" on balmy afternoons; even to the discussion of the "Bogen Lampe," that has lighted many a Junior into the realms of coveted Seniorship. Indeed, our experience is a direct contradiction of his favorite proverb, "Arbeit ist immer eine Last." Beside his regular work in French and German, he teaches classes among the faculty and students in Spanish and Italian. He has published a number of works, among them a comedy, "Phyllis and Aine," two dramas and a book of poems.

Wm A Noyes.

WILLIAM A. NOYES, Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

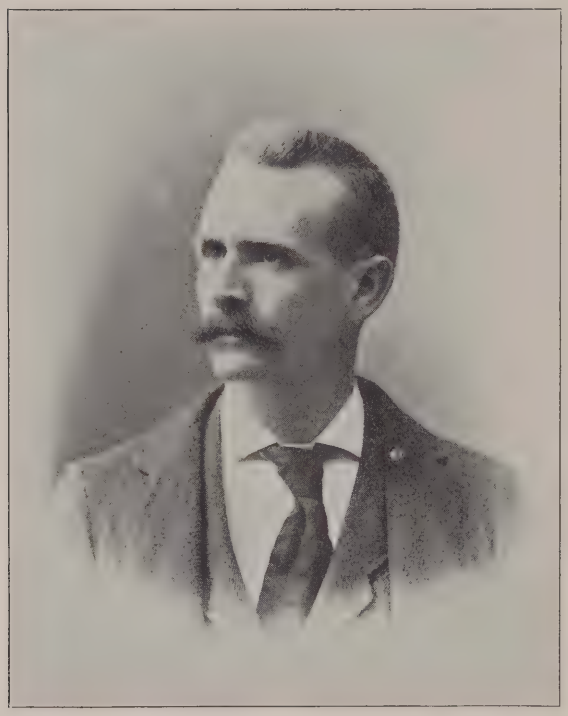
The chemical department of Rose Polytechnic Institute is ably conducted by Dr. William A. Noyes. His life began thirty-eight years ago on a farm near Independence, Iowa, where he spent his boyhood attending the county school. The education he received during this time was most elementary, but desirous of a college career, he mastered enough Greek and other subjects by himself to enable him to enter Iowa college at the age of eighteen years. He graduated in 1869 with degrees in both arts and sciences, and during the following year, in the absence of the regular instructor, he had charge of the chemical laboratory of his Alma Mater. Desirous of obtaining a greater knowledge of chemistry, he secured admission to Johns Hopkins University, and at the close of the school year in 1881 was rewarded with a graduate scholarship. During a considerable portion of the following year he was employed in the Mallet water investigation and left the University with the degree of Ph. D. The following year, 1882–83, he was instructor in the University of Minnesota, and during the years 1883–86 was professor of chemistry in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. He came to Rose in the fall of '86, and has been with us ever since, with the exception of a portion of 1889, when he obtained leave of absence to go to Europe for the purpose of working in organic chemistry. He studied with Prof. V. Breyer, in Munich.

Professor Noyes is an active member in several American and German scientific societies, and at different times has held various offices therein. He is a charter member of the Indiana Academy for the Advancement of Science, was vice president of that body for three consecutive years, and during 1894 he was president.

He has written many valuable papers upon subjects pertaining to his profession, all of recognized authority, and the greater portion of his time, not given to

teaching, is devoted to scientific research. His first independent investigation extended over four or five years, and was on the "Oxidation of Benzene Derivatives with Potassium Ferro-Cyanide." "The Atomic Weight of Oxygen" is another subject upon which he has spent considerable time, and at present he is employed upon "Camphoric Acid."

In class and laboratory Dr. Noyes is noted for the interest he manifests in the questions of his pupils and for the clearness and conciseness with which he puts every point of his lecture or instructions. Students all unite in praise of his methods.



Malverd A. Howe.

MALVERD A. HOWE, C. E.

Professor of Civil Engineering.

For a comparatively young man and one who has spent so much time as a student and teacher of theoretical engineering, Professor Howe has obtained an unusual amount of practical experience. His father being a civil engineer, he was reared in touch with men of the profession, and while attending school and during the vacations he assisted his father in engineering work.

Born in Northfield, Vt., in 1863, Professor Howe received his early education in the graded schools of that place. He did not complete the High School course, however, but entered the Sophomore class of Norwich University, a military school at Northfield, from which institution he graduated three years later in 1882, with the degree of B. S. He then accepted the position of second master in the Vermont Episcopal Institute, of Burlington, Vt., where he remained for a year teaching mathematics and military drill. Resigning this position he took post graduate work at the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, Hanover, New Hampshire, for one year, after which he turned his attention to practical work, spending one summer in the engineering corps of the Hoosac Tunnel and Readsboro R. R., and then a year as first assistant to Mr. Ross Randall, a prominent engineer of Rutland, Vt., being engaged in engineering and architectural work.

The school year of 1885–'86 was spent at Thayer again, from which school he graduated with the degree of C. E., and then entered into the drafting department of the Edge Moor Bridge Co., where for some months he obtained no little insight into the secrets of practical bridge construction. He left this position to enter Harvard University as Instructor of Surveying and Drawing in the Lawrence Scientific School, which position he filled for one year. The following summer vacation was spent in re-locating the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain R. R. east

of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and in the fall of 1887 he was called to his present position at Rose.

Besides conducting the civil engineering department at Rose he has continued with his practical work, having superintended for Jenney & Mundie, of Chicago, the erection of all their buildings in Terre Haute, including the Terre Haute House, State Normal, St. Joseph's School, and First National Bank. Also in 1894, with his father as chief engineer, he surveyed and located the East Barra R. R., Barra, Vt.

Professor Howe is a member of numerous societies, the more important being the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Engineers Club of St. Louis, the Indianapolis Engineering Society, and the American Society for the Advancement of Engineering Education. Among his contributions to engineering literature are, Retaining Walls for Earth; Theory of the Continuous Girder; Diagrams, Formulas and Tables for Engineers and Architects; Maximum Stresses in Draw Bridges Having Two Equal Arms; and the Theory of the Three-hinged Suspension Bridge.

Thomas Grey

THOMAS GRAY, Ph. D.

Professor of Dynamic and Electric Engineering, and Dean.

Professor Gray was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1850. He received his early education in the public schools, and after spending several years in practical work, entered Glasgow University as a student of engineering. While a student in the University he gained many distinctions, particularly in the departments of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Engineering, and graduated B. Sc. and C. E. in Engineering Science. Shortly after graduation he carried out a series of investigations on the magnetic properties of steel and the determination of magnetic moments in absolute measure, for which he was awarded the University Cleland gold medal. This paper was published in the Philosophical Magazine. While at the University he received a course of training, extending over four years, in experimental work and practical electricity under Sir William Thomson.

After leaving Sir William Thomson's laboratory Professor Gray was engaged by the Japanese government to teach Electrical Engineering in the Imperial College of Engineering in Tokio, and he continued in this service from 1878 to 1881, thus being among the first to give special collegiate instruction in this branch of engineering. On leaving the Japanese service he returned to Scotland and spent a short time in Sir William Thomson's laboratory working on some of the problems in applied electricity that were then coming forward. After spending some time as engineer to an electrical company he was offered the position of chief assistant to Sir William Thomson and Professor Jenkin, who were acting as engineers for the Commercial Cable Company in connection with the manufacture and laying of their system of cables. As the representative of the engineers he had the supervision of the whole of this work, Messrs. Siemens Bros. being the contractors. After the completion of the cables, he continued in the service of Sir William

Thomson until 1888, when he came to America and took the professorship which he now holds.

While in Japan, Professor Gray became much interested in seismological investigation, and he is the inventor of a number of mechanical devices for the autographic recording of earthquake motion. He acted with Professor Milne for several years as a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in the investigation of the volcanic and earthquake phenomena of Japan, and he is still a member of the seismological committee of that association. Professor Gray is also a member of the British Association committee on electrical standards of measurement, and has done a large amount of original work and written several extended papers on this subject; that on the "Application of the Electrolysis of Silver and Copper Salts to Electrical Measurements," being perhaps best known.

Professor Gray is the author of the articles on telegraphs and telephones in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and of the article on seismology in the British Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry. He acted on the expert staff of the Century dictionary and he has recently compiled a volume of physical tables and data for the Smithsonian Institution. He is author of a large number of scientific and engineering papers, is a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Institute of Great Britain, and of a number of other scientific and engineering societies in this and other countries.

C. H. Brown

CHARLES S. BROWN, M. E.

Professor of Machine Design and Superintendent of Shops.

Professor Brown's ancestors were among the early settlers of New England. His parents at the time of his birth, in 1860, were living in East Hampton, Conn., but moved to New Haven in 1865, in which city he attended the public schools until his fifteenth year. Then deciding to give him a college education, his parents placed him in the Hopkins Grammar School, one of the oldest preparatory schools in the east, it being nearly a hundred years old and virtually connected with Yale. With this preparation he entered the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale in the class of '80, but at the close of the year took a country school in a village near New Haven, where he taught for a year. For a time after this he worked in his father's machine shop. In 1881 he returned to Sheffield and in 1883 graduated with the degree of Ph. B.

A short time after graduating he accepted a position as constructing engineer with the Blake Crusher Co., of New Haven, for which firm he superintended the erection of a number of their plants of mining mill machinery, being in charge of the construction of a large plant in South Carolina for the milling of gold ore. From there he went to the Adirondack region of New York, where he erected extensive mills for the concentration of iron ore.

He came west in 1887 to Joplin and Carthage, Missouri, to erect plants in the lead and zinc districts. About this time, however, Kansas City was at the height of its "boom," and friends persuaded him to try his fortunes in that city. He soon became interested in cable railway construction, which at that time was at extreme popularity, and for the year 1887–88 was assistant engineer with the Metropolitan Street Railway Co. of that city.

In the spring of 1888 he came to Terre Haute in the interests of Chicago parties and in the fall of the same year accepted the position at the Institute. His Alma

Mater, the Sheffield Scientific School, conferred the degree of M. E. upon him in 1894.

Professor Brown is a member of the American Association for Advancement of Science, and of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and other more local societies.

Arthur S Hathaway

A. S. HATHAWAY, B. S.

Professor of Mathematics.

A. S. Hathaway was born in Van Buren county, Michigan, September 15, 1855. In 1858 his father moved to Kansas, returning to Michigan in 1863. He entered the graded schools at Decatur, Mich., and was graduated from the High School in 1868. After graduating he entered his father's store. Having studied shorthand in the meantime, he took the position of stenographer in the Dansville Sanatorium, New York, in 1873.

From the time of his entrance into Cornell University in 1875, until his graduation in 1879, he was private secretary to Andrew D. White, President of the University.

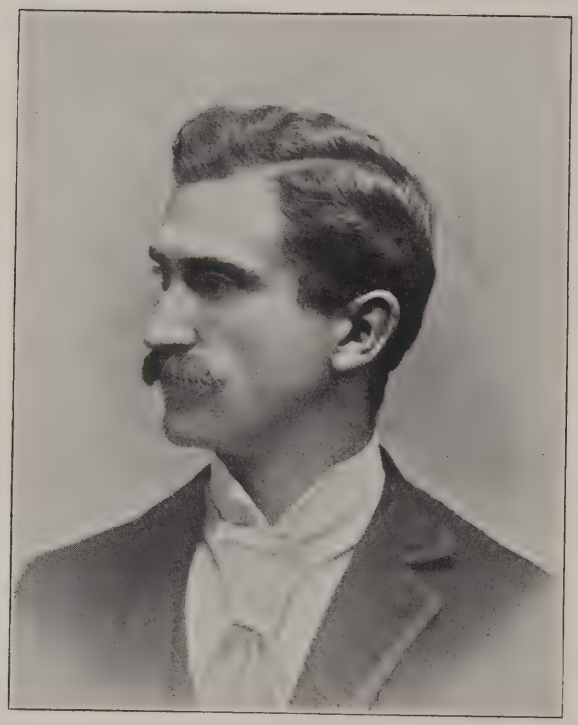
For two years after graduating from Cornell, he was Professor of Mathematics in the Friends High School at Baltimore. At the end of that time he resumed his short hand, and opened an office as court stenographer. But at the request of Professor Sylvester he accepted a fellowship at Johns Hopkins from 1882–84. He reported the Electrical Conference at Philadelphia for the government, and also the lectures delivered by Sir William Thomson at Baltimore for Johns Hopkins.

In 1885 we find him Instructor of Mathematics at Cornell, from which position he was raised to the assistant professorship in 1889, and in 1891 he accepted the chair of Mathematics at Rose.

Professor Hathaway is an ardent admirer of athletic sports and is usually an interested spectator when important games of foot ball or tennis are in progress. In fact, we might class tennis and quaternions as his special hobbies. Tennis claims his hours of recreation during the pleasant days of spring and summer, while his coaching proves invaluable to our players. In the Cornell tennis tournaments he was a close third.

His enthusiasm in quaternions is probably due to the fact that he studied this subject in his freshman year under Professor J. E. Oliver, before taking analytical geometry or other advanced mathematics. His first notes on quaternions were given to the present Senior class in 1892–93. The mode of presentation was changed for the next class, and finally for the present Sophomore class he has gone back to the basis of a course in quaternions given by him at Cornell in 1889. Professors Tate and Knott, of the University of Edinburgh, have asked Professor Hathaway for a copy of his latest notes.

This branch of mathematics which at present is not extensively used, is destined to become, in the future, one of fundamental importance to all technical schools, and the class of '96 wishes Professor Hathaway every success in the work which he has undertaken in order to simplify many difficult problems by its use.



Edwin Place

EDWIN PLACE, M. M. E.

Instructor in Physical and Engineering Laboratories.

Edwin Place, who superintends the laboratory work of the students, is a graduate of Cornell University, class of '83, having completed the course in mechanical engineering. After having spent two years at electrical work, during which he supervised the erection of numerous electrical installations, he returned to the university to take up graduate study in electrical engineering, remaining for one year. He then continued his former work, entered the Westinghouse Illuminating Co., as superintendent of the plant, and in 1888, accepted a position with the Western Engineering Co., of Lincoln, Neb., in charge of installation work. One of the largest lighting stations that he has erected was that of the Jersey Central R. R. Depot at Jersey City, which contained four machines of a combined voltage of 2,500, two of them being 1,000 volt generators. At this time he was in the service of the Edison United Co., of New York, and in March, '89, he followed up the same line of work with the Tucker Electrical Construction Co., superintending the constructing of plants varying in capacity from 50 to 1,300 incandescent lamps. Having thus obtained a large and varied experience in the knowledge of practical electrical outfitting, he was well prepared to take up the work of laboratory instruction at the Polytechnic, a position where the practical man can be of the most benefit to the student of electrical engineering. He has been at the Institute since January, 1890, and while here received from Cornell the degree of Master of Mechanical Engineering, his thesis subject being the "Automatic Control of Motion in Prime Motors." Mr. Place is also instructor in this city for the National School of Electricity, an institution founded by Elisha Gray, Edison and others for the advancement of this science.

R. L. McCormick.

ROBERT L. McCORMICK, B. S.

Instructor in Mathematics.

Near Charlestown, Indiana, in a large old fashioned homestead, surrounded by beautiful woods and streams, was born on January 12, 1867, Robert L. McCormick. In this romantic spot his early life was spent, and strange to say, he developed a strong liking for mathematics instead of poetry as one would imagine. At an early age he began to show remarkable energy and foresight, as will be seen from an incident which happened one day.

A farmer with a double team had arrived at a small creek, and to his surprise he found that the bridge had been washed away by the recent rains. He determined to try and ford the creek for it was getting late and the nearest bridge was two miles away. Slowly the horses waded into the stream and everything seemed to go all right until the wagon struck the middle of the stream. To his great surprise the horses kept on going up the bank while the wagon remained in the center of the creek. Just at this moment Mr. McCormick appeared upon the scene, and to him the farmer applied for assistance. At a glance he took in the situation and told the farmer to climb out and drive two stakes into the ground and fasten the traces to them, and in the morning the wagon would be on the bank. The farmer wended his way home with his two horses, and to his joy the next morning he found his wagon up on the bank just as the stranger had said. The day before he had purchased some new raw hide traces, and when they became wet they stretched out several times their original length. During the night the traces became dry and in contracting to their original length they drew the wagon up the bank.

Mr. McCormick's parents determined that he should continue his education, and he was sent to the public schools at Franklin and then at Indianapolis. From there he went as a special student to the Indiana University from 1887–1888. He then entered the Sophomore class of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, graduating from the same in 1891. He received honorable mention in all three years and won the Heminway gold medal for the best work throughout his course.

Having displayed such ability, upon graduating he was offered the position of instructor in mathematics, which position he still holds.

H. H. Ballard

HAROLD H. BALLARD, Ph. D.

Instructor in Chemistry.

One of the latest additions to our present corps of instructors is Harold H. Ballard, Ph. D., who came to the Institute in 1893, as Instructor in Chemistry and Mineralogy. He was born in Baltimore, Md., twenty-seven years ago, and for one of his age has attained more than the usual success in his profession. His early education was received in the public schools of his home and later in a private school where he prepared for his college career. He entered Johns Hopkins in 1885 with an "Ordinary Hopkins Scholarship," which was the reward of his own endeavors, and the close of each school year brought with it another scholarship as a proof of his ability. In three years he completed the courses in Chemistry and Physics and graduated with honors in 1888 with the degree of B. A. and a "Graduate Scholarship." Thus he was enabled to remain another year in this famous institution to continue his studies in his favorite branch of learning, and in 1889-'90, we find him in the position of Instructor in Physics in the Washington, D. C., High School. At the close of that school year he entered the "Cathedral School of St. Paul," Garden City, N. Y., as "Master," having charge of Chemistry, Physics and part of the Mathematics; but desiring to hold a higher place in the world of science, he returned to his Alma Mater to complete the work required for a doctor's degree in Chemistry, this object being attained in the spring of 1893.

Since then he has been with us, and is not content to merely instruct, but devotes a great portion of his time to research in his chosen profession, and has published a paper with Prof. W. A. Noyes on the continuation of some work on which the latter has been engaged.

As a relief from the variegated atmospheres of the chemical laboratory Dr. Ballard resorts to a spin over the "wooded hills and pastures green" which surround Terre Haute, for he is one of our many faculty bicyclists, and one who believes that the wheel should be used as much for pleasure by the scholar as by the man who labors with his hands.

John B. Peddle

JOHN B. PEDDLE, B. S.

Instructor in Drawing.

Mr. John B. Peddle was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, February, 1868. He attended the public schools of this city but upon the completion of his second year at the high school, decided to enter Rose Polytechnic, which he did in September, 1884, taking the course in mechanical engineering. Shortly after his graduation he accepted a position with the Thomson-Houston Company in one of their most interesting departments, that of testing and calibrating the instruments. He remained at Lynn, Mass., where he held the position just mentioned, till March, 1890, when he went to Philadelphia, taking a position with the Dodge Coal Storage Company, and later traveling for the firm, superintending the erection of their plants. At the close of the year he became an employe of Henry R. Worthington, the pump manufacturer, of Brooklyn. His work here was principally in the draughting and testing departments. From memories of the experience here gained he wrote the interesting article entitled "Some Pump Paradoxes," which appeared in the March issue of the "Rose Technic."

In January, 1894, Mr. Peddle returned to his Alma Mater to assume the position of instructor in drawing which had been vacated by Prof. William H. Kirchner, now of the University of Minnesota. The experience he previously gained in practical drafting has proved a valuable addition to the theoretical knowledge already acquired in his course at Rose, and the students under his charge find to their profit that he combines both forms of knowledge in his mode of instruction.

Mr. Peddle still retains the same enthusiasm for work in school organization which characterized him when a student at Rose. He is at present an active member of the Telegraph Association and Camera Club, and, in fact, is a leading spirit in the latter, it being his chief relaxation from teaching to seek and capture with the "black box" the more pleasing bits of nature.

As '96 had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Peddle to the intricacies of teaching a Poly class, we may be pardoned for expressing the hope that the introduction proved as enjoyable for him as it was profitable to us.

Morton C. Andrews.

M. C. ANDREWS, B. S.

Instructor in Civil Engineering.

Having made Terre Haute his home for the past four years and graduated from Rose with the class of '94, our genial instructor in civil engineering needs no introduction to many of our friends. Mr. Andrews was born in Vermillion County, Illinois, in 1868. The early days of his youth were passed in pursuit of a knowledge of agriculture and botany, but being of a methodical turn of mind he longed for a mastery of the exact rather than the natural sciences. Completing his public school course in 1888 he bid farewell to his study of botany by teaching the young ideas of the Illinois youth to sprout during the winter of 1888-89. During the next year he attended the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, Indiana, with the intention of preparing for college, and paying particular attention to the study of mathematics.

Early in the course at Rose, Mr. Andrews was recognized by his fellows as being one of the brightest students of his class, and sustained his reputation as such by obtaining honorable mention in the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. At the beginning of the present school year he accepted the position of Instructor in Civil Engineering, in which capacity he has won both the respect and friendship of his pupils, while to them his practical experience in land and highway surveying proves a valuable addition to his theoretical knowledge of engineering.

Mr. Andrews is not one to be content with honors attained, but is assiduously applying himself to his engineering work. At present he is investigating the sewage system of Terre Haute, with the intention of making complete designs for an improved system which will conform to the laws of the most approved sanitary engineering. His work will doubtless be valuable alike to the engineering departments of the city and of Rose Polytechnic.

R. R. C. Simon

R. R. C. SIMON.

Librarian and Instructor in German.

Richard Ryle Chemnitz Simon was born in Berlin, September 2, 1865. At an early age he went to England with his parents, and his education, begun at home, was continued at the King Edward VI. Grammar School, Birmingham, then at a private school in Manchester, and at Tetton Hall College, Wolverhampton. Later he returned to the continent and entered the Gymnasium of Dessau, Anholt, Saxony. Graduating from here he began his active business life with the Joint Stock Banking Co., of Birmingham. His health failing he was compelled to seek recreation, and urged by a natural desire for travel he spent some time over England and Scotland, then sailed from Glasgow for Australia, going by way of Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne. After two years of travel over different parts of Australia and neighboring islands, he took steamer across the Indian Ocean, through the Suez Canal to Naples, returning to Scotland by way of Marseilles, Paris and London. After a short stay in Edinburg he again left for Australia on a tour around the world. From Australia he sailed east, spending a short time at New Zealand, Samoan and Sandwich Islands, thence to San Francisco and through several western cities to Chicago, and from Chicago he returned to England by way of Canada and Nova Scotia. Six months later he again came to America and entered the Newberry Library, of Chicago, with the late Dr. Wm. F. Poole. Under this eminent librarian he obtained many ideas in regard to the care and control of a library, which are of much value to him in his work at Rose. Shortly after the death of Dr. Poole he went to Oberlin College, Ohio, where he taught French and German. In 1891 he married a Scotch lady of the House of Gordon, who was no less fond of travel than himself, having crossed the Atlantic some fourteen times. Immediately on his return to Chicago he was called to Rose, where he is now acting in the capacity of librarian and instructor in languages.

MAIN ENTRANCE

CHEMICAL LABORATORY

THE SHOPS

BICYCLE SHED

WOOD SHOP.

MACHINE SHOP.

McMeans

Ex-Officers of the Alumni.

Year Elected.	President.	Vice-President.	Sec'y-Treasurer.	Executive Committee.
1887	Benj. McKeen, '85.	Edward Elder, '86.	Herman F. Goetz, '87.	Benj. McKeen, '86. J. A. Parkhurst, '96. H. F. Geotz, '87.
1888	Sam'l. S. Early, '85.	J. A. Parkhurst, '86.	C. B. Kidder, '88.	Benj. McKeen, '85. Jas. Seath, '86. Sam'l. Early, '85.
1889	H. St. C. Putnam, '87.	W. R. McKeen, Jr., '89.	H. F. Goetz, '87.	Benj. McKeen, '85. Sam'l. S. Early, '85. Frank Cox, '87.
1890	John B. Aikman, '87.	Geo. E. Putnam, '91.	H. F. Goetz, '87.	Benj. McKeen, '85. Sam'l. S. Early, '85. Francis T. Hord, '88.
1891	Francis T. Hord, '88.	O. C. Mewhinney, '91.	Geo. Davis, '88.	John B. Aikman, '87. Donn Roberts, '89. Robert Paige, '91.
1892	W. J. Davis, '92.	Edward Elder, '86.	John B. Aikman, '87.	C. B. Kidder, '88. Max B. Fitch, '90. W. A. Layman, '92.
1893	C. B. Kidder, '88.	H. W. Foltz, '86.	John B. Aikman, '87.	W. R. McKeen, Jr., '89. O. C. Mewhinney, '91. Geo. Davis, '88.

The Alumni Association.

OFFICERS.

W. R. McKeen, Jr., '89 . . . . . President.

A. V. H. Mory, '94 . . . . . Vice President.

John B. Aikman, '87 . . . . . Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Victor K. Hendricks, '89. Hubert Kilbourne, '94.

W. A. Layman, '92.

At the opening of the Rose Polytechnic Institute on March 7th, 1883, one class was organized, that of '86, which with considerable effort accomplished the Freshman work in the few months from March till June 20th, and in the fall became the first Sophomore class. The admittance at this time of the class of '87 as Freshmen, and of Messrs. Benjamin McKeen, Samuel Early and O. P. Hood, who had previously studied at Worcester Polytechnic, as the Junior class gave the Institute the semblance of its present life and enterprise. After the graduation of these first three classes it was deemed practicable to attempt the organization of an Alumni Association, and on June 23d, 1887, a meeting was called in the parlors of the old Terre Haute House for this purpose. The first alumni banquet was held immediately after this meeting at which there were present, besides the class of '87 and such members of the classes of '85 and '86 as were in the city, President T. C. Mendenhall, the Faculty and a representation from the Board of Managers. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair and furnished a most auspicious occasion for launching the Rose Polytechnic Alumni Association upon its existence as a potent auxiliary of the Institute itself.

The annual meetings and banquets which have since been held, have continued

to become more and more enjoyable as the membership has increased, those of '93 and '94 greatly surpassing any of previous years. At some of these meetings much eloquence was expended in spirited debates on the subjects of school yell and alumni pin, and though conclusions have been reached on several occasions, yet the records show that these actions conflict to a certain extent. The old school yell of

Rah! Rah! Rah!
R! P! I!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

was decided upon at the last meeting, however, as the one to be used at future banquets.

No organization in connection with the school is of such importance as the Alumni Association. To strengthen those ties of friendship between the individual graduates which were formed during college days; for the mutual aid of the alumni in the battle of life, and to advance the reputation and interests of the Alma Mater are the objects of the organization. While in earlier days the Institute was perhaps not as considerate of the Alumni Association as it might have been, yet of recent years naught but respect has been accorded the association from this source. And it is now a cause for much gratification to the alumni that Dr. Mees has taken a much more advanced position in this matter than any of his predecessors, and has arranged to have, hereafter, representatives of the alumni actively participate in the commencement exercises and the conferring of degrees.

It is to be hoped that the Alumni Association may continue to increase in power, efficiency and influence as it will in numbers and that the relations with its beloved and honored Alma Mater may become closer and more endearing as the years slip by.

A Dream.

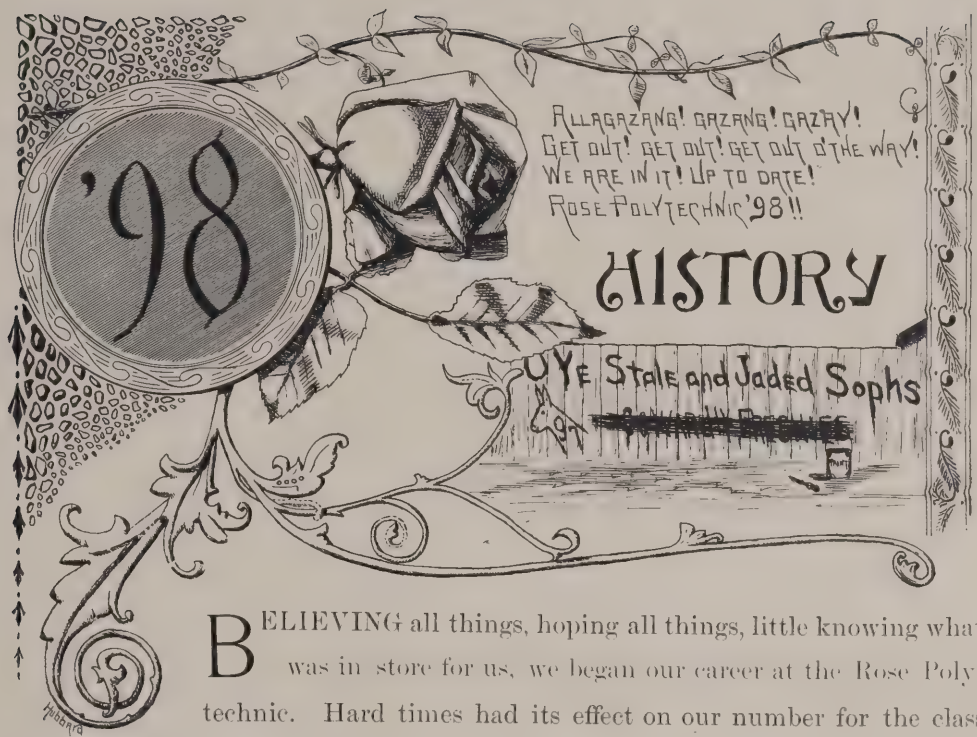
'Twas once upon a summer's eve,
  With the moon so bright and fair,
When the roses and the lilies
  Lent their perfume to the air,
That my love and I together
  Strolled along the garden walks,
And love, yes, pure and simple,
  Only occupied our thoughts.
How fair she seemed upon that night,
  How I longed to call her mine,
And in the moonlight's silvery gleam
  She seemed almost divine.
My arm had strolled around her waist;
  As thus we sauntered on,
And I whispered words of love to her
  For I knew that was no harm.
At last the fatal question asked,
  I felt her towards me lean,
When, horrors! I awoke to find
  'Twas nothing but a dream.

Ninety-Eight.

Walter A. Krebs . . . . . President.
Shelby S. Roberts . . . . . Vice President.
Rumsey W. Scott . . . . . Secretary.
Claiborne Pirtle . . . . . Treasurer.

Frederick C. Brachmann . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio.
Eugene S. Boudinot . . . . . Danville, Illinois.
Warren E. Conable . . . . . Independence, Iowa.
Arthur C. Eastwood . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Gleason S. Ellsworth . . . . . Marshfield, Wisconsin.
Thomas Fletcher . . . . . Little Rock, Arkansas.
Ellis E. Ford . . . . . Little Rock, Arkansas
William F. Freudenreich . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Harvey D. Gerwig . . . . . Hartwell, Ohio.
Royal B. Hovey . . . . . Independence, Iowa.
H. Walton Hubbard . . . . . Manitowoc, Wisconsin.
Ned S. Kidder . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Charles Kloer . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Gustave F. Kloer . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Walter A. Krebs . . . . . Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.
John M. Lansden, Jr. . . . . Cairo, Illinois.
John T. Montgomery . . . . . Carrollton, Missouri.
Claiborne Pirtle . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Milton J. Platts . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Clarence Reid . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Shelby S. Roberts . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Waldo B. Ryder, Jr. . . . . Charlotte, North Carolina.
Frederick W. Schneider . . . . . Evansville, Indiana.
Rumsey W. Scott . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Morton B. Stewart . . . . . Muscatine, Iowa.
Harry B. Stilz . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Charles E. Theobald . . . . . Archbold, Ohio.
Kimbrough E. Voorhees . . . . . Danville, Illinois.
Cale Wamsley . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Frank A. Whitten . . . . . Sloane, Iowa.
Brent Wiley . . . . . Paris, Illinois.
Leo Wiley . . . . . Paris, Illinois.

W. F Freudenreich E W. Conable F. W Schneider. C Wamsley.
G. E. Ellsworth. W. B Ryder, Jr. K. E. Voorhes.
B Wiley. L. Wiley. H D. Gerwig. G. F Kloer. M. B. Stewart.
C. Reid A. C. Eastwood F. C. Brachmann. J. T. Montgomery.
C. Kloer N. S. Kidder. R. W. Scott. H. W. Hubbard.
W. A Shryer. S S. Roberts W. A. Krebs. C. Pirtle. F. A. Whitten.
C. E. Theobald. E. S. Budinot. J. Fletcher. H. B. Stilz. R. B Hovey. J. M Lansden, Jr..



BELIEVING all things, hoping all things, little knowing what was in store for us, we began our career at the Rose Polytechnic. Hard times had its effect on our number for the class is quite small. Yet we do not believe ourselves deficient in either brain or brawn, as we have thus far been able to contend with all that has been set before us, from calculus to boarding house dinners.

Tradition and the unwritten code of honor of the Institute provided for a game of ball and a "rush" between the Freshmen and Sophomores, events which came off with their usual precision early in the school year. The laurels which we won at ball only served to make us the more anxious for the "rush," and we entered into the friendly struggle with considerable enthusiasm, remaining until those of our opponents who had not been obliged to retire for repairs were convinced that they were sufficiently sore and weary.

Later in the season, at the time "when nips the wind and autumn skies are hazy," we again arrayed ourselves against '97 for a game of foot ball, and succeeded in scoring another victory for '98. After this momentous event we continued in our

quiet way for some time with nothing more worthy of historical mention than sprained ankles due to athletics, and cut fingers due to relapsing into a brown study over the buzz saw.

Perhaps the most pleasing event of our first term was the reception tendered us by the Faculty. The occasion will always be remembered as a delightful one, as it afforded us an excellent opportunity of meeting many of the representative people of the city, and of becoming better acquainted with those who "urge our tardy footsteps along the flowery path of knowledge."

At Christmas time each professor gave us a period of four hours in which to collect our thoughts and decide for ourselves how much knowledge we had acquired. As a result, a few of our number who had not thought of the subject before, decided that they had already attained sufficient knowledge to wage life's warfare successfully, and we resumed work with a total enrollment of but thirty-three.

On the evening of the Sophomore reception, a number of Freshmen proceeded with kind hearts and forgiving spirits to get even with the Sophs for having detained two of our number from our Faculty reception. We captured a Soph, engaged the best tonsorial artist in the city to make him presentable, and conducted him in a carriage to the reception where he arrived in ample time. In thus returning good for evil, we had hoped to "heap coals of fire on their heads," but we were mistaken. The evening of our class banquet came, and we all appeared save one who was detained by the Sophs. He was returned to us later in the evening and nothing remained to mar the pleasure of our first banquet. Our forgiving spirits, however, had left us, and believing with Bacon that "revenge is a sort of wild justice," we planned our revenge and carried it out.

It lacked but two days of the time set for the '97 banquet. Opportunities come to those who wait. We waited and the opportunity came. The Sophs went in a body all day and were all safely at the Terre Haute before we were released from school. Nothing daunted the class proceeded in a body to the banquet hall and a chosen deputation from '98 entered the building and dragged one of their number from their very midst. He was gently assisted into a carriage and tenderly cared

for during the remainder of the evening, far from the grasp of his loving classmates.

We noted with pleasure that this little incident had its effect, as the Sophomores found it advisable and altogether in harmony with their latest ideas of us to change the title of one of the toasts from "Freshmen (Easy)" to simply "Freshmen," when the account of their banquet appeared in the literary organ of the Institute.

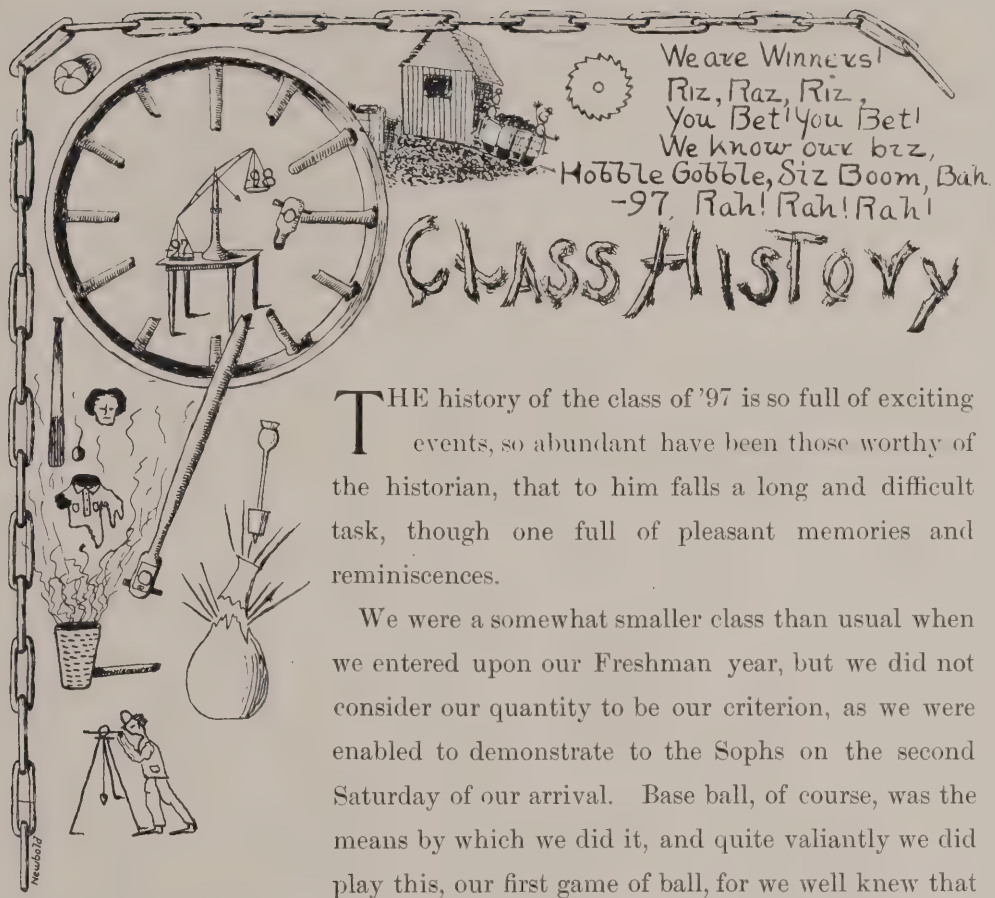
As the summer days approach, the interests of the students in all classes are becoming more and more centered, and the distinctively class events are practically at an end for the year. Still we hope that '98's power as a body will always be felt, and that as we pass from Freshmen on to Seniors, and then into life's school, we may become an honor to the Rose Polytechnic and useful to the world at large.

Ninety-Seven.

J. D. Ingle, Jr. . . . . President.
J. E. Lufkin, Jr. . . . . Vice President.
N. M. Austin . . . . . Secretary.
G. Willius, Jr. . . . . Treasurer.

William S. Arn . . . . . Scottsboro, Alabama.
Ned M. Austin . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Theodore L. Camp . . . . . Jackson, Michigan.
John B. Campbell . . . . . South Bend, Indiana.
Benjamin F. Chandler . . . . South Coventry, Connecticut.
Edmund Frank . . . . . Petersburg, Indiana.
Charles H. Fry, Jr. . . . . Forth Worth, Texas.
Arthur F. Gordon . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Jay H. Hall . . . . . Danville, Illinois.
J. Briggs Haney . . . . . Wellsburg, West Virginia.
Herman S. Heichert . . . . . Marion, Indiana.
John Hellweg, Jr. . . . . Hayward, Wisconsin.
J. David Ingle, Jr. . . . . Oakland City, Indiana.
John J. Kessler, Jr. . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Rudolph E. Knapp . . . . . Evansville, Indiana.
John E. Lufkin, Jr. . . . . Anna, Illinois.
Walter H. Martin . . . . . Danville, Illinois.
William C. Mason . . . . . Joliet, Illinois.
S. Gilmore Mead . . . . . Uniontown, Pennsylvania.
August H. Meyer . . . . . Appleton, Wisconsin.
Odus B. Moore . . . . . Fulton, Missouri.
Roger M. Newbold . . . . . Birmingham, Alabama.
Robert A. Philip . . . . . Sacramento, California.
S. Guy Pierson . . . . . Spencer, Indiana.
Maurice C. Rypinski . . . . . Bryan, Texas.
Archie G. Shaver . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Clarence H. Tucker . . . . . Washington, D. C.
Herbert C. Westfall . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Maurice B. VanCleave . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Gustav Willius, Jr. . . . . St. Paul, Minnesota.

JNO. HELLWEG, JR. T. G. PIERSON. C. H. TUCKER. W. C. MASON.
S. G. MEAD. W. H. MARTIN. J. E LUFKIN, JR. B. F. CHANDLER. R. E. KNAPP.
J. J. KESSLER, JR. T. L. CAMP. O. B. MOORE. J. D. INGLE, JR. N. M. AUSTIN. M. B. VAN CLEAVE.
J. H. LENDI. A. F. GORDON. A. G. SHAVER. C. H. FRY, JR. H. C. WESTFALL. H. S. HEICHERT. M. C. RYPINSKI. A. H. MEYER.
E. FRANK. J. H. HALL. R. M. NEWBOLD. W. G. ARN. GUSTAV WILLIUS, JR. J. B. HANEY.



THE history of the class of '97 is so full of exciting events, so abundant have been those worthy of the historian, that to him falls a long and difficult task, though one full of pleasant memories and reminiscences.

We were a somewhat smaller class than usual when we entered upon our Freshman year, but we did not consider our quantity to be our criterion, as we were enabled to demonstrate to the Sophs on the second Saturday of our arrival. Base ball, of course, was the means by which we did it, and quite valiantly we did play this, our first game of ball, for we well knew that here was an opportunity to display the quality of the material of which we were made. Score, 23 to 16. Still greater evidence was given of our future strength as a class by the events which occurred immediately after the game. A few of us were walking home, when suddenly there appeared on the scene a fairly complete representation of the Sophomore class. They introduced themselves rather unceremoniously with the avowed intention of making things lively. Their efforts were an entire success, with the result that we had another victory to record, and they a second opportunity to acknowledge it. The first term ran along very quick-

After considerable competition among the artists of '97 the above design for heading was adopted by an almost unanimous vote of that class.—EDITOR

ly and smoothly, for there was nothing to mar the pleasure and novelty of school life except a gradually increasing dread of the approaching Christmas. In the meantime the class had gotten completely organized and had adopted for a war cry the vigorous and truthful remarks about being winners and having a knowledge of its own affairs, etc., all of which are more or less familiar to the citizens of Terre Haute. In November, already, we began to think of our first banquet, and so successfully was the affair managed that not a Soph had the slightest suspicion of our intentions. The event will always be remembered as one of the most pleasant which '97 has ever spent in social enjoyment. Everyone seemed to be replete with humor and in general good spirits. The following are the addresses and toasts:

Salutatory Address.....President Howard Schurmann
Address.....Toastmaster F. M. Bertrand
"'97"..... W. C. Mason
"The Faculty".....Herman Heichert
"Our Ladies".....H. K. Kingsbury
"Prelims".....J. J. Kessler, Jr
"Poly Life".....Theodore L. Camp
"Athletics".....C. H. Fry, Jr

With Xmas came the first test, by means of which we were enabled to show our individual merit. The next term found us ten men less. What a world of experience there is in those first exams! What anxiety and trepidation! And after they are passed, the sensation of relief is well worth the ordeal gone through. Early in February we learned that our distinguished rivals were going to hold a banquet on Washington's birthday. Naturally, we felt duty-bound to entertain their president ourselves during the evening, if we got him. To this end we made many and complete preparations, but our intended guest did not materialize at the time and spot we expected him, and we were left in the same predicament that many before us have been, the victims of circumstances. As the base ball season approached we more than did our share in supplying candidates for the vacant

positions, and it soon became evident that we had "ball spielen" capacities that would be a credit to the school.

Field Day proved another occasion for '97 to show its abilities, for, although we did not have a large number of contestants, those who were entered were in to win, and they did. In fact, all that we required then, and all that we ask now, is that we be given opportunities; we will do the rest. The summer holidays passed quickly away, and September found us a Sophomore class. Ten men had disappeared from the busy scenes of study, leaving thirty-two to assume the dignity and to undertake the trials of the second year. How well we have borne our new responsibilities may be ascertained by mentioning the fact that we held together through the last Christmas exams. to a single man—a thing unprecedented in the history of the school. With regard to teaching the Freshmen how to play ball, we need only give the score, in our favor, 20 to 10. After the game the rash youths imagined that they would have the privilege of smoking their corn-cob pipes on the campus, contrary to the strict rules of the Institute, which we felt bound to enforce. Bitterly did they repent their actions, for they not only lost their pipes, but were forced to part with all the dignity that they had assumed for the occasion. In February the Freshmen learned that we were going to hold a banquet on Washington's birthday. No secrecy was made about the matter, but they must needs hold a class meeting and decide to anticipate us by two days. We knew nothing of the coming event until the evening before, when we had the pleasure of being able to prevent at least three of their number from seriously impairing their digestive apparatus, and would have been charitable to several more; we even waited long for them to come from the place where they were concealed. But they decided that they would go to the banquet, and, under the arm of the law, they went. Our own banquet, two evenings later, even rivalled the first in good fellowship and in appropriate and happy speeches and toasts, which were as follows:

Salutatory Address.....President J. David Ingle
"The Faculty".....C. H. Fry, Jr
"Work".....W. C. Mason

"The Freshmen".....J. B. Haney
"Ourselves".....J. J. Kessler, Jr
"How May An Engineer Achieve Wealth?"...J. E. Lufkin, Jr
"Sweethearts—Sisters".....Theodore L. Camp
"Life Is Not What It Seems".....S. G. Mead
Poem.....Gustav Willius, Jr
"White Elephants".....A. H. Meyer
"Athletics".....Ned M. Austin
"Everything Else".....Jay Hall

Our history now approaches the period at which it is being formed from day to day. It is with great satisfaction that we look forward to what it will be, a satisfaction only equalled by a remembrance of the past. Nearly half the base ball team are Sophs this year, and on Field Day we will do our share in carrying off the pennant. But, after all, these things are merely incidental. We do not wish to create the impression that our history is merely an account of athletic victories, of the "larks" that we may have indulged in, or of the many pleasant times that we have had. Do you wish to pass judgment upon us, look up the records of our class work, be with us in the recitation room from day to day, and let the evidence which you will find there have a greater influence in forming your opinion than all else. For it is the serious criterion by which we wish to be judged.

Ninety-Six.

Walter L. Decker . . . . . President.
George E. Wells . . . . . Vice President.
James Farrington . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

Robert W. Beebe . . . . . Sidney, Ohio.
William E. Burk . . . . . Richmond, Indiana.
Uhel U. Carr . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Walter L. Decker . . . . . Evansville, Indiana.
Bruce F. Failey . . . . . Indianapolis, Indiana.
James Farrington . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Frank T. Green . . . . . Oskaloosa, Iowa.
Ellsworth B. Harris . . . . . Indianapolis, Indiana.
Chauncey H. Holderman . . . . . Hutsonville, Illinois.
Frederick G. Hunt . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio.
P. Wert Klinger . . . . . Greenville, Ohio.
Watson J. Klinger . . . . . Greenville, Ohio.
Harry T. Liggett . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Edward H. Light . . . . . Dayton, Ohio.
Harry J. McDargh . . . . . Dayton, Ohio.
Orange E. McMeans . . . . . Richmond, Indiana.
Harvey H. Meadows . . . . . Evansville, Indiana.
Richard Meriwether . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Barrington D. O'Brien . . . . . St. Peter, Minnesota.
Harry T. Paterson . . . . . Newport, Kentucky.
Oscar G. Rice . . . . . Indianapolis, Indiana.
Clarence M. Ridgely . . . . . Galesburg, Illinois.
Wallis R. Sanborn . . . . . Rockford, Illinois.
Linus Sanford, Jr . . . . . Jackson, Missouri.
Frank F. Sinks . . . . . Troy, Ohio.
F. Elbert Smith . . . . . Birmingham, Alabama.
J. Milton Van Auken . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Edward Walser . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
I. M. Louis Werk . . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio.
George E. Wells . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.

Junior Yell.

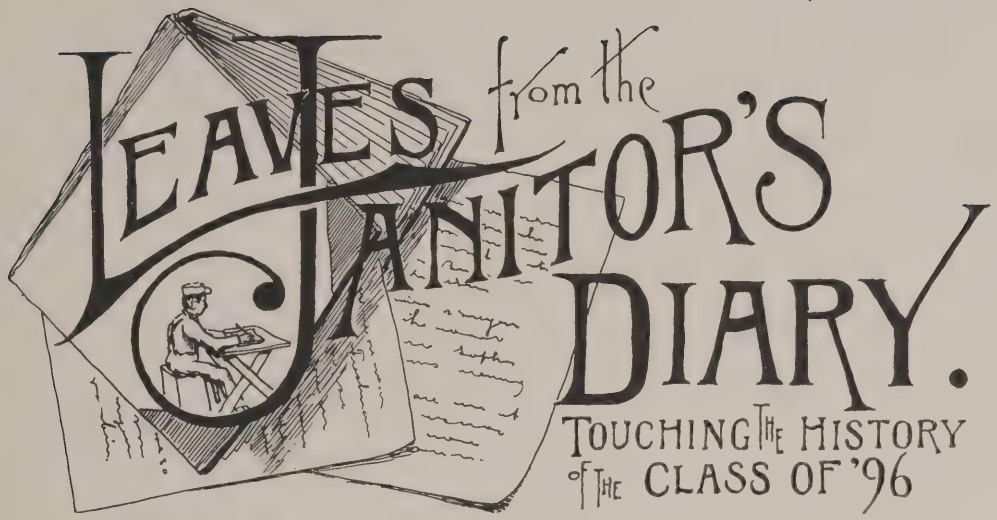
Kiyi! kiyi! kiyippi! buss!
Look out! look out! look out for us!
Razzle! dazzle! bim, bam, bix!
Rose Polytechnic! ninety six!

Junior Colors.

Sapphire and Orange.

P. P. Green
F. F. Sinks
BINNER-CHI-

Linus Sanford Jr.
Louis Werk
J. M. Van Auken
Richard Meriwether
Harry C. McDaugh
B. F. Tailey
W. E. Burk
O. E. McMeans



YEAR 1892–93.

September 20. Well, here I am, back at my old job again, and I told the boys I was going to California. Of course, I'll have to tell them why I didn't go fifty times a day. The weather is very sultry. I wish to thunder they would get a rain-making machine at the Poly.

September 21. The Institute opened to-day with the Class of '96 numbering sixty-six men and a dude. This is the largest Freshman class on record, I believe. The weather is red hot but the atmosphere doesn't borrow any heat from the Freshmen, I am sure. I've seen several Freshman classes, but the Class of '96 spikes my soda. They put me in mind of a gang of Keeley's patients I saw taking a walk at Dwight, Ill., this summer, who stuck together like they were afraid of being arested for stray lunatics, if they got separated.

October 2. I hope to be kicked to death by grasshoppers, by gum! if that Freshman, Rhinelander, didn't try to take a bath in Prof. Howe's hydraulic apparatus. I guess I'll have to put a sign on the bath room door. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of them mistook the gymnasium for the woodshop.

October 10. It rained last night something like Harry works, that is, mighty darned little, but the weather is some cooler to-day. Had a conversation with President Wines, of '96, to-day; if I had his voice I would use it for a nutmeg grater. His chief hallucination seems to be that "Wooden" Smith and Prof. Brown have it in for him.

October 27. Yesterday was, you might say, the red letter day of the campaign. The great McKinley spoke in a large tent here last night and the Poly Republican Club had about ninety in line. I and Charley Brown represented the faculty. Lit the gas at 5 o'clock last evening.

October 28. This weather is prettier than a peacock's tail feathers, but those peacock colors we saw in the sky last month must have fixed it. It hasn't rained any since. Yesterday a Freshman named Arnett Smith had to help pass up a load of lumber into the wood shop, immediately after which he resigned and applied for his $35 tuition—which he did not get. He got enough splinters and practical work and has gone to the Commercial College or Normal, I guess.

October 30. The Freshmen took several firsts at Fall Field Day, yesterday. They are right in line when it comes to athletics, if the Juniors did beat them at base ball. They have runners, jumpers, high kickers, walkers, bicycle riders, pole vaulters, tennis players and rag chewers, and all good ones, so I am told. I hope they'll keep up their record when the foot ball season comes. This is a fine, clear day; oh, mamma, may I go out and play.

November 1. A gang of Freshmen made the night hideous last night. After turning over an ice wagon and letting down a lot of electric lights they struck Coates College. There they stole all the signs, threw beans at the maidens and rocks at the watch dogs, and made President Duncan take off his night cap to them. They ought to have been run in.

November 7. McMillan was mistaken for a Normalite by a stranger yesterday. Both are recovering rapidly. This weather is as fine as Freshman Andrews' mustache.

November 15. Foot ball to-day, Freshmen vs. Sophs. I guess I'll sweep the Electrical Lab. this afternoon, so I can watch the game. I would bet on the Freshmen, for those two men, ReQua and Mead, are regular

giants. Ellis, Major and Merriman are no slouches, and then there is that little sawed-off Kelsey, the captain; he is an old timer, but I can't make out what those letters, M. M. A., on his jacket stand for, unless it is Michigan Maniac Asylum.

November 21. There is to be a game of foot ball between the two sections of the Freshman class Thanksgiving morning. This will give twenty-two men an appetite for dinner. Heaven pity the boarding house keepers! That fat Freshman, Moore, who is known among the boys as being of unlimited capacity in the tank line, has left town. I suppose he went to Milwaukee.

December 10. The Freshmen seem to be losing interest in the school faster than a goat can shake his tail, as ten have quit already. The exams will soon give some more of them a chance to do ditto. The weather is very pleasant for this time of year.

December 14. This is a bad day. The exams are drawing near and the boys feel blue; they think it is going to be a bad job.

December 19. Christmas comes on Sunday this year, and that is bad, for we lose a day's rest thereby. New Year's, ditto. We are having weather that is finer than whiskers on a hen's tooth, by Joe! I must go!

January 3.

Freshmen before Christmas	67
Freshmen after Christmas	50
Shrinkage	17

January 10. "Baldy" Hughes came down last night to tell me, between his sobs, that some fellows hid his cap. He always takes it to class with him. Well, lighting the gas, and followed by "Baldy," I chased all over the building, hunting for that cap. At last I gave it up as a bad job, and "Baldy" started down stairs ahead of me, when goll dog, if the idiot didn't have the cap pinned to the middle of his back, and I had spent half an hour looking for it! He ought to go home and get his ma to learn him some sense.

January 19. It's a good thing Ikey Torner, the rag chewer, flunked. I won't have to change the towels in the bath rooms but once a month, now. This weather is rawer than a Poly's throat after Field Day.

January 27. The Freshmen made up a collection this morning for Andrews to have his whiskers trimmed. Some Sophomore told Freshman Phillips that the best cure for a cold was to take a sand bath in the chemical lab., that Noyes charged thirty cents for them, and that greenhorn asked me if I could give him a sand bath for a quarter. A few more cracks like that, and I'll throw up my job.

February 24. Poor Freshmen! Dr. Eddy has forbidden them to have a banquet. This is what they get for stealing Tuller the night of the Sophomore banquet, and making such a hullabaloo. They will have to quit fasting and go back to regular grub now.

March 4. I would like to know what that red headed Jaseph is trying to run a pipe line with me for? He must want a bath for nothing. If all the boys had hair like his we would tear out the gas pipes. It is snowing as fast as a buzz saw can chew up Freshmen.

March 10. Vining says Scotch whiskey is not made by the Scotch, but by the distillers; nor is it made in Scotland, but in the United State of Kentucky, and he ought to know.

March 20. The boys say Kingsbury aspires to be an army officer. They think he would make a good one, as he practices soldiering in the shop with a diligence worthy of a better cause. The weather is some warmer to-day, but is still very cool.

April 26. Schurmann was telling the boys to-day how Roe and him saw French life in Paris (Ill.) night before last. I supposed they had been up to something when I saw them talking to Dr. Eddy in his office this morning.

May 7. The Freshmen painted "'96" on the front of the new grand stand last night, with blue paint. Score to-day, Purdue, 9; Rose, 6. The blue jonered the boys.

May 11. The Freshmen are right in it with Randall and Ellis battery, Jones, short stop and Stewart substitute on the ball team. Saturday, 13th, a game of ball will be played on the grounds here. The boys have played two games and lost both. If they lose this one they had better disband and raffle off the grand stand. That hard rain has soaked in and got out of sight as quick as Polys skipping a Prof. at ten minutes after the hour.

May 15. I heard the boys talking to-day about Hoff running a pipe line in $10\frac{2}{5}$, breaking his previous record. I guess that makes him the champion pipe liner of the school.

May 21. Billy Kirchner sent the Freshmen out to draw this afternoon; they'll draw a crowd of kids, maybe. I am getting awful tired of this job; I don't think I'll stay here always. It looks like rain this evening, and I would like to bet two bath tickets against a new mop that it rains on Field Day this year.

May 27. I've been waiting all spring for that man Whitesides to turn his collar down and have his hair cut, and if he don't take a bath pretty soon, on that other ticket he bought last winter, he'll have to change his name.

May 31. Freshmen took six firsts at State Field Day and made more points for Rose than any two classes put together. Whoopety whoop! This is a fine day; the exams begin next Wednesday a week; I'm betting that several Freshmen will graduate "aber nit."

June 15. Well, it is vacation time again, and I'm darn glad of it; they didn't do a thing but flunk thirteen Freshmen, just as I 'lowed.

Year 1893–94.

September 12. Still at my old job again; it would seem funny to work away from the Poly. I have been here 9 years, 9 months and 19 days, longer than any other member of the faculty. This weather is all-fired hot and reminds me of Ducky Gray when he hears a noise in the hall.

September 19. Only forty-two of that once noble class of '96 left; even the dude staid at home, and such a change! I saw several of them up town last Saturday night, and they seem to think the size of a man depends on the size of the pipe and cane he carries, but that is just like a Sophomore, for a Sophomore is a bore.

October 2. Fletcher exploded a hydrogenous germinator, (whatever that is) in the chemical lab. yesterday and came near wrecking his face. More are likely to follow; let the good work go on.

November 1. As usual the boys raised the very old Nick in town Halloween; a crowd of them was arrested on the campus while making away with Charley Brown's cart.

November 22. The Freshmen stole a march on the Sophs and had their banquet before the Sophs knew a thing about it. Wah hoo! zip rah! Bully for the Freshmen. But the Sophs say it was a sneaking trick not to tell them.

December 22. The exams are over, and I'm glad of it. Five more of '96 flunked, still they have a big class and could spare several more without injuring the beauty of the class.

February 23. The Sophs had their banquet last night. The Freshmen had their plans all cut and dried. They had a hack waiting around all day for the Soph. president; but they couldn't catch him. Then they tried to kidnap the toast-master, but this didn't work as they expected it to, and all the Sophs reached the Terre Haute House. The weather is very fine for this time of year.

April 4. Ashworth has left school and gone East, but the boys say he didn't like to leave the West very well.

April 22. DePauw beat the Polys in a ball game yesterday, 5 to 2. Stewart, the pitcher, is the only man '96 has on the team; all the others flunked.

May 15. I gave notice on Saturday that I should resign the last of June; I am awful tired of the job. It is the intention to employ a man, woman and child to do the work I have been doing. I pity the whole family, such hot weather as this.

May 30. R. P. I. won the pennant in a walk at State Field Day yesterday. Rah, hoo rah! The Sophs made more points than any one college in the State.

June 14. The Institute closes to-day. This is my last year here; I am going to California or bust this time, you bet, and don't you forget. To-day is hot enough to hatch green Freshmen out of grasshoppers' eggs, if laid in the sun.

Ninety-Five.

A. L. Robinson, Jr. . . . . President.
E. R. Burtis . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

L. Clifford Anderson . . . . . Franklin, Ohio.
Henry W. Bigelow . . . . . Colchester, Connecticut.
Samuel J. Brown . . . . . Willoughby, Ohio.
Edwin R. Burtis . . . . . Manhattan, Kansas.
Harry W. Craver . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Charles R. Crockwell . . . . . Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Walter W. Crowe . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Edward A. Darst . . . . . Eureka, Illinois.
James R. McTaggart . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Frank H. Miller . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
W. Offutt Mundy . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
George W. Phillips . . . . . Terre Haute, Indiana.
Arthur L. Robinson, Jr . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Edgar L. Shaneberger . . . . . Indianapolis, Indiana.
William S. Speed . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Laurence E. Troxler . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
Arthur V. Tuller . . . . . Milford, Illinois.
Archie Wade . . . . . Boulder Valley, Montana.
William Wiggins . . . . . Richmond, Indiana.

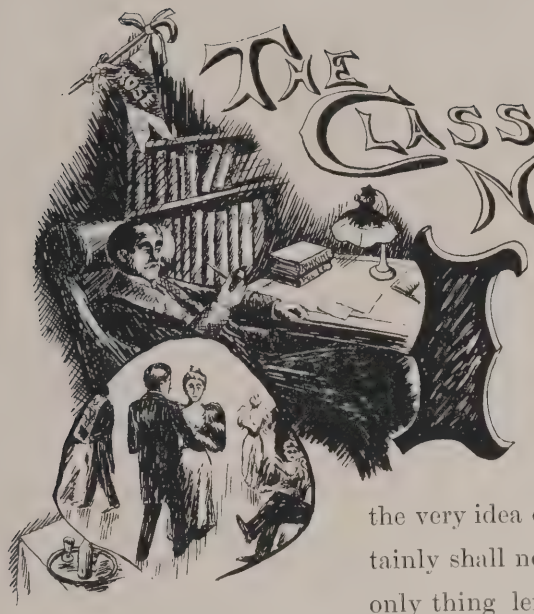
Ninety-Five Yell.

Razzle, Dazzle! Zip-Rah-Boom!
Hoop La, Hoop La, Give us Room!
We're Right in it, All Alive,
Rose Polytechnic, Ninety-Five.

Colors.

Scarlet and Buff.

L. O. Anderson
E. R. Burlex
E. U. Curst
A. L. Robinson
U. C. Mundy
L. Elw. Troxler
A. Wade



The Class of Ninety Five

I AM blue to-night, most horribly blue. My pipe goes out every minute, there is nothing in the house to read, and things in general are most depressing. Now what can I do to pass this evening? The theater is closed, the very idea of billiards sickens me, and I most certainly shall not go calling in this morbid state. The only thing left is to sit here and think, think for several hours; and as my professors have upon various occasions seen fit to recommend this thinking course to me I believe I will try it now.

Well, to begin with, in a few short weeks we will be graduated. Graduated! What a solemn, mournful word that is, and how tremendously four years of college life has changed its meaning. When we entered here, to be graduated meant to be able to fill any position whatever, to obtain almost any salary for which we chose to ask, and then to take up life where we left off, among friends and scenes of early days, not counting upon the changes time would bring during these four years. And now, to be graduated means to really enter upon our life's work, to take almost any position which we can get, and to give up a life which is a mixture of work and play and the constituents of that mixture so proportioned as to make it the happiest and most glorious part of man's existence. And worst of all, to leave those with whom we have been associated, both in work and play, those whom we have learned to know and to love, those whose sole purpose has been the same as our own, namely, to win honor, fame and admiration for our glorious Class of '95.

Will the years to come bring other men to take the places of Darst, Crowe, McTaggart, Troxler and others? Will the years to come bring other men to fill our places in the eyes of our "fair friends?" Even though our places are easily filled and this sorrow of parting must be gone through with, yet how pleasant it will be in after years to go over again in reverie our entire course. I expect even when we all become old men we will take the greatest pleasure in filling our pipes and dreaming of college days, beginning with the Freshman year, the pipe rush, our victories over the Sophomores, how we surprised all classes on Field Day with our athletes, and lastly, those dreaded examinations which separated us from so many of our companions. Examinations! Whenever I hear that word pronounced it gives me a chill, and I firmly believe that the greatest pleasure which shall be derived from the fact of our having completed our college course will be that we shall never have to stand another. I have often wondered why instead of representing hell to college men as an existence in a place which produces an unquenchable thirst, which is only a synonym for an unlimited capacity, that it is not spoken of as one continual examination. And have we not ample reason to dread them? Have they not been the chief cause of our ranks having been reduced from seventy to nineteen men? Have they not taken from us many of our athletes who in every contest covered the class with glory?

But let us drop these horrible examinations and think of more pleasant themes. It is a very curious phenomenon how different college life is in each of these four years which roll by so quickly. The Freshman is undoubtedly a hard worker, and the history of the entire year might be expressed by—

The Freshman year is long and dreary,
They study and work 'till very weary,
Their minds still cling to home and the past,
And hopes of high marks fall thick in the blast;
For the quizzes are hard and they're weary.

No, that does not express the entire history either, for it was during that year

that we defeated the Sophomores so gloriously on Fall Field Day, even beating their crack team in the Tug of War. And certainly we have not forgotten the Pipe Rush of that year in which we obtained the intense satisfaction of punching the faces and tearing the clothes of our enemies, to say nothing of our own clothes and faces. And then in the Spring did we not have several more chances to mix with our enemies, the Sophs., and did we not avail ourselves of them all? We certainly did, for the Juniors upon more than one occasion patted us upon the back and remarked in a condescending way how proud they were of us. Whenever I think of the part which the Juniors and Seniors take in these Freshman and Sophomore fights I think of the story of the little dog which would rush out in the street and growl and bark until he had collected all the dogs in the neighborhood, and started a general fight, and would then withdraw himself to a convenient doorstep and watch results with a smile of intense satisfaction. But to come back to our first year. Yes, life was worth living even through that dull period, and it most certainly wound up in a haze of glory with that grand Field Day when Darst, Ridgely, Hoff, Klinger and others showed so well what material our class contained.

But the Sophomore year! How different! During these few months of summer which divided the two years, every man seemed to have become possessed with the intense desire to be "a sport." Books were never thought of except at rare intervals, pipes and canes were seen on all sides, and, in fact, I think the general idea was:

> As I walk along the Terre Haute streets with an independent air,
> You can hear the girls declare,
> That's a sporty Sophomore there;
> You can hear them sigh, and wish that *I*
> Would wink at them with the other eye,
> For I'm the sport of this great Polytechnic.

And then there were more fights, this time with the Freshmen, but we only had to whip them occasionally, just often enough to make them show due deference to their betters, and whenever we had nothing

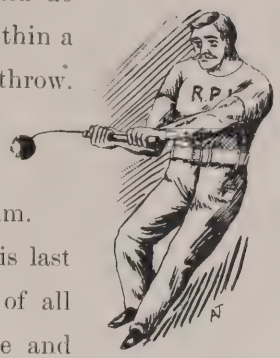
more exciting with which to occupy ourselves. And again this year ended with another Field Day, but, alas! quite a number of our athletes had fallen by the wayside, so that although we did extremely well, we did not make the showing of the year before.

In September we came together once more to enter upon "Our Junior Year." But surely these thoughtful, dreamy boys standing listlessly about the halls are not those devil-may-care sports of the year previous? Yes, they are the very same, and what could have caused this awful change is a conundrum which I could never solve, unless it was their experience with the Summer girls during those few short months of vacation. But at any rate Master Cupid had done his work well, for I verily believe that every one of them was in love. Even Troxler, our staid old Troxler, caught the fever. For did he not (unconsciously, as he said) clasp both arms around some girl who was entering the house as he was leaving for school? And did not Darst attend one of our President's receptions for the express purpose of meeting and conversing with the girls? And did not Billy Speed actually make two calls within a month? Did not Crockwell call so frequently and regularly upon one young lady that some of his solicitous friends thought it wise to place his trunk upon her front porch? And was not our youngest member, the "Kid," (Craver) seen every Saturday afternoon escorting two, and sometimes three young ladies about the city? Yea, verily! our class, individually and collectively, had it bad, and the abstracted air, dreamy gaze, and in fact the entire expression of each one seems to be saying continually:

I'm in love, I'm in love as you all can plainly see.
No use to ask. You all know
Who's the one so dear to me;
And she is not very cold,
For her hand I sometimes hold,
And I'm just as much in love as any one can be.

Then there were more enjoyments, such as seeing the other classes fight, an occasional game of billiards, a dance, and again the year wound up with Field Day,

this time in Indianapolis. But at the close of this year we did do something beside dream, for it was then that Darst came within a few feet of the amateur record of the world in the hammer throw. It was then that Crowe came out so wonderfully in the Pentathlon events. And lastly it was then that our class honor was upheld so well by our representatives on the base ball team.



The Senior year. On thinking over all that we did in this last year of college life it appears as though it were a mixture of all the pleasures and sports of the previous ones, each pleasure and each sport being taken in moderation, for we have profited by the experiences gained, and know that "enough is as good as a feast." Some of us still go in for athletics and play very good foot ball, for did not "our red headed half-back," Mr. Brown, set Louisville on fire, not by his hair, but with his playing? Some of us have learned some wonderful shots at billiards, and this is Mr. Anderson's specialty, for he "*never scratches.*" And lastly, some of us still *cling* to the girls and some of us *don't*, and as shining examples of these last mentioned I can refer to Mr. Mundy and Mr. Miller, for did not the former hold his girl in a sleigh during the entire drive, and did not the latter allow his to fall out?

But whatever we have done the year has flown very quickly, and the real cause of my spell of the blues to-night is the thought that in such a short time I shall part from eighteen such men as never before have been gathered together to form a class, that upon only one more Field Day shall I hear that stirring yell

Razzle, dazzle, zip, rah, boom!
Hoopla, hoopla, give us room,
We're right in it, all alive,
Rose Polytechnic, '95!

And that lastly in such a short time we shall take leave of those friends who have made our life in Terre Haute so pleasant, who have made this place as much like home as possible, and to whom the entire Class of '95 wishes a long life and a happy one.

Plug.

Plug brothers, plug; plug with care;
Plug in the presence of the professair.
$d^2 \rho$ over dt^2
Is enough to make us cuss and swear,
And approaches the limit which we can bear.
Plug brothers, plug; plug with care,
Plug in the presence of the professair.

CHAMPIONS
OF
Field Sports
I.I.A.A.
1894.
ATHLETICS
McMeans

E. A. Darst. O. E. McMeans. C. M. Ridgely. W. C. Warner.
P. W. Klinger. A. G. Shaver. John Hellweg. F. F. Hildreth. M. C Andrews. D. McCulloch. H. T. Liggett. W. J. Klinger.
E. F. Robinson. B. F. Chandler. R W. Beebe Jas Farrington W. W. Crowe. R. Meriwether. J. Butts.
J. R. McTaggart. W. L. Decker.

Athletic Association

OFFICERS.

President . . . . . A. L. Robinson, Jr., '95.
Secretary . . . . . C. H. Fry, Jr., '97.
Treasurer . . . . . O. E. McMeans, '96.

DIRECTORS.

F. H. Miller, '95. W. E. Burk, '96.
J. Hellweg, Jr., '97. F. A. Whitten, '98.
H. W. Hubbard, '98.

In making a review of our Athletic Association, with a view to determine whether it can be called a flourishing one, it will be necessary to look at it from various standpoints. First, financially. We feel justified in saying that in this respect we have been very successful. Our equipment is good in nearly all lines of athletics; our base ball, foot ball and tennis grounds are in prime condition, the new running track has been completed, the grand stand built by the Association is surely a credit to it, and now, to crown our work and give the Association a permanent home, the gymnasium fund is growing finely, so that within another year we expect to have this building completed and new encouragement given to those who are at all inclined to profit by the advantages thus offered.

But, what of the field sports? For the present we shall not consider foot ball or base ball, but limit the term "field sports" to such games or sports as are represented in our school and state field days. The records of the inter-collegiate field meets of the past five years will hardly tend to lessen one's faith in the "Iron Pounders'" prowess in this very important branch of athletics. Each spring, as time for the test draws near, the reports of the wondrous advance which the other colleges are to make on us, do but set our athletes at work the harder. With fewer students than any of our sister colleges, and with less time for training, we have won the state pennant for five consecutive years. Some of the records of these state meets have already been published, but we trust a repetition will not prove monotonous. The appended chart may be of interest:

	EVENT.	MAY 31, 1890.	SCHOOL.	RECORD.	JUNE 6, 1891.	SCHOOL.	RECORD.
1	100 yard dash,	F. C. Brewer,	W. C.	10½ s.	Layman,	R. P. I.	10⅗ s.
2	220 yard dash,	Stover,	W. C.	26 s.	Crowell,	P. U.	24½ s.
3	440 yard dash,	Stover,	W. C.	.....	Oglesby,	R. P. I.	58⅘ s.
4	Half mile run,	Zaring,	D. P.	2 m. 28 s.	.....	.....	.....
5	Mile run,	Rudy,	D. P.	5 m. 44½ s.	Butts,	R. P. I.	5 m. 18⅘ s.
6	120 yard hurdles,	Stieg,	R P. I.	16½ s.	Martin,	W. C.	19⅗ s.
7	Three legged race,	Moth and Gibson,	R. P. I.	13 s.	.....	.....	.....
8	Running broad jump,	Hanson,	R. P. I.	18 ft. 9 in.	Zaring,	D. P.	17 ft. 7 in.
9	Running high jump,	Layman,	R. P. I.	5 ft. 2 in.	Layman,	R. P. I.	5 ft. 3 in.
10	Standing broad jump,	Thomas,	D. P.	9 ft. 10 in.	Studebaker,	P. U.	9 ft.
11	Standing high jump,	Layman,	R. P. I.	4 ft. 5 in.	Layman,	R. P. I.	4 ft. 6 in.
12	Hop, step and jump,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
13	Pole vault,	.....	.....	.....	Gibson,	R. P. I.	7 ft. 6 in.
14	Throwing 16 lb. hammer,	Martin,	W. C.	51 ft. 8 in.	Hampson,	R. P. I.	69 ft. 11 in.
15	Putting 16 lb. shot,	Hulman,	R. P. I.	27 ft. 7 in.	Hulman,	R. P. I.	32 ft. 4 in.
16	Mile walk,	Mills,	R. P. I.	8 m. 15 s.	Erickson,	W. C.	8 m. 8¾ s.
17	High kick,	Mount,	W. C.	8 ft. 6 in.	Hildreth,	R. P. I.	8 ft. 5 in.
18	Throwing base ball,	Herring,	D. P.	326 ft.	Zaring,	D. P.	342 ft. 2 in.
19	¼ mile ordinary,	Hulman,	R. P. I.	.....	Jernegan,	W. C.	.....
20	2 mile ordinary,	Wilhite,	W. C.	7 m. 2½ s.	.....	.....	.....
21	Tug of war,	R. P. I.,	R. P. I.	.....	.....	.....	.....
22	Tennis singles,	Seaton,	W. C.	.....	.....	.....	.....
23	Tennis doubles,	Gibson and Jones,	R. P. I.	.....	Gibson and Jones,	R. P. I.	
24	¼ mile safety,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
25	1 mile safety,	.....	.....	.....	Wetherbee,	R. P. I.	3 m. 54 s.
26	½ mile safety,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
27	2 mile safety,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

May 27, 1892.	School.	Record.	May 29, 1893.	School.	Record.	May 29, 1894.	School.	Record.
Hoff,	R. P. I.	$10\frac{3}{5}$ s.	Hoff,	R. P. I.	$10\frac{2}{5}$ s.	Bushman,	P. U.	$10\frac{3}{5}$ s.
Oglesby,	R. P. I.	$24\frac{1}{5}$ s.	Hoff,	R. P. I.	$23\frac{4}{5}$ s.	McTaggart,	R. P. I.	24 s.
Oglesby,	R. P. I.	55 s.	McTaggart,	R. P. I.	$55\frac{2}{5}$ s.	McTaggart,	R. P. I.	$54\frac{2}{5}$ s.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Gemmer,	P. U.	5 m. $1\frac{4}{5}$ s.	Gemmer,	P. U.	4 m. $53\frac{2}{5}$ s.	Hester,	E. C.	5 m. 5 s.
Hatch,	P. U.	$18\frac{2}{5}$ s.	Acker,	P. U.	$18\frac{4}{5}$ s.	Crowell,	P. U.	$18\frac{4}{5}$ s.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Newson,	E. C.	19 ft.	Allen,	W. C.	19. ft 6 in.	Coleman,	E. C.	20 ft. 1 in.
Layman,	R. P. I.	5 ft. 2 in.	Marshall Ewry,	P. U.	5 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Haworth,	E. C.	5 ft. 2 in.
Ewry,	P. U.	9 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Ewry,	P. U.	10 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Ewry,	P. U.	10 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Studebaker Layman,	P. U. R. P. I.	4 ft. $8\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Ewry,	P. U.	5 ft. 2 in.	Ewry,	P. U.	4 ft. 10 in.
.....	.....	.....	Coleman,	E. C.	44 ft.	Coleman,	E. C.	42 ft.
Blair,	W. C.	8 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Ridgely,	R. P. I.	9 ft. 1 in.	McMeans Ridgely,	R. P. I.	9 ft. 10 in.
Darst,	R. P. I.	85 ft. $9\frac{1}{4}$ in.	Darst,	R. P. I.	96 ft. 8 in.	Robertson,	P. U.	98 ft. 3 in.
Stevenson,	P. U.	32 ft. 2 in.	Watkins,	D. P.	35 ft. 5 in.	Cooper,	P. U.	39 ft. 5 in.
Vanderbilt,	W. C.	8 m. 45 s.	Vanderbilt,	W. C.	8 m. $4\frac{2}{5}$ s.	McCulloch,	R. P. I.	8 m. $7\frac{3}{5}$ s.
Inglis,	W. C.	8 ft. 9 in.	Ewry,	P. U.	9 ft.	Ewry,	P. U.	8 ft. 10 in.
Darst,	R. P. I.	330 ft. 7 in.	Somerville,	B. U.	361 ft. 5 in.	Darst,	R. P. I.	329 ft. 9 in.
Gangwer,	P. U.	$46\frac{3}{4}$ s.	W.J.Klinger,	R. P. I.	$40\frac{1}{5}$ s.	.....	.....	.....
Gangwer,	P. U.	7 m. $17\frac{1}{2}$ s.	W.J.Klinger,	R. P. I.	6 m. 46 s.	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Boyles,	R. P. I.	.....	Farrington,	R. P. I.	.....	G. Bender,	B. U.	.....
Wales and Mendenhall,	R. P. I.	.....	Beebe and Johnson,	R. P. I.	.....	G.& R.Bender	B. U.	.....
W. J. Klinger,	R. P. I.	$41\frac{1}{5}$ s.	P.W.Klinger,	R. P. I.	$37\frac{3}{5}$ s.	W.J.Klinger,	R. P. I.	$31\frac{4}{5}$ s.
Marmon,	E. C.	3 m. $\frac{1}{2}$ s.	P.W.Klinger,	R. P. I.	2 m. $46\frac{2}{5}$ s.	P.W.Klinger,	R. P. I.	1 m. 9 s.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	P.W.Klinger,	R. P. I.	2 m. 41 s.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	P.W.Klinger,	R. P. I.	5 m. 37 s.

In addition to the interest thus displayed in our own State Association, we have taken some part in the Western Inter-collegiate athletics. In 1892, seven of our number attended the meet at Champaign and laid several points to our credit. In 1893, but two representatives attended, and each secured a second place. In 1894, at St. Louis, our team numbered four men, but these four were there for a purpose and gathered in three first prizes, three seconds, and a third, coming within one point of tying Washington University for second place. It is to be regretted that the colleges have shown so little interest in the Western Association this year. We had counted ourselves fortunate in securing the meet for Terre Haute, and would have made every endeavor to make it a success, but owing to the lack of support, we feel fully justified in delcaring ourselves free from any obligation to hold a meet without better assurance of support than we have been able to secure.

Our outlook in general athletics is most encouraging. Of the twenty athletes who represented the Old Rose at Indianapolis last May we have lost but three, and with the annual addition of those who "just found out they could do something," together with the Freshmen contingent, we hope we may not be driven to the wall by any Indiana college. As it has been for the past five years, so be it in '95.

Gymnastique en Silhouette.

It chanced upon a winter's night
A Poly seeking his delight
Per se,
Down to Coates College took his way,
Expecting to see some features gay
Was he.

But then their little athletic game,
Appeared to him a trifle tame,
That was certain.
For though the girls had bloomers on
The effect was somewhat overdrawn
With a curtain.

Quite agile were they with flying rings,
Dumb bells, bars and other things,
All athletic.
And though 'twas all "*en silhouette*,"
Ne'er a sight his eyes had met
More æsthetic.

Full plainly was it evidenced,
The Poly boy was well convined,
Yea, completely,
That though the boys are good athletes,
These girls can do gymnastic feats
Just as neatly.

THE KLINGER BOYS, of Greenville, Ohio, have gallantly sustained the honor of Rose in cycling ever since their entrance into the Institute, and now hold all the I. I. A. A. and W. I. C. A. A. records, besides other records outside of college events.

W. J. KLINGER

attended seventeen race meets during the season of 1894 and won twenty-nine prizes, including eleven firsts, twelve seconds, and six thirds. He holds the Ohio State, and Indiana Intercollegiate records for the quarter mile. On October 14th, at Decatur, Ill., he won the class A, quarter mile open race, in $29\frac{3}{5}$. His prizes for the season are valued at $600.

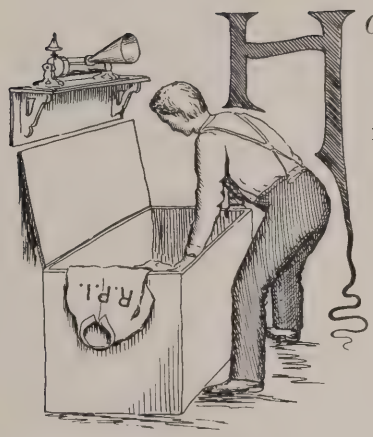
P. W. KLINGER

won fourteen firsts, ten seconds, and six thirds, being unplaced four times in scratch races and six times in handicaps. He holds the half mile, mile, and two mile I. I. A. A. championship and the championship of Terre Haute, together with the mile and two mile W. I. C. A. A. championships.

Among his best performances are: Half mile, unpaced, standing start, 1:03$\frac{4}{5}$, Terre Haute, Ind., September 22d; first place, two mile handicap from 40 yards, virtual scratch, 4:48, at Carthage, Ohio, August 14th; first place in one mile open, at Springfield, Ill., September 29th, in 2:23; this being the fastest mile of the meet and establishing a new track record. His prizes are also valued at $600.

C. H. Tucker W. E. Burk. H. E. Voorhes.
H. T. Liggett. L. E. Troxler S. G. Brown. N. M. Austin.
F. H. Miller. E. A. Darst. W. H. Martin. R. E. Knapp.

BASE BALL



HOW'S that on sec'nd?

* * * * * *

"Well, old last year's phonograph, who put you in order again? Didn't know you would run, but since you do, just run on while I'm gettin' these old suits out for business, and again stitchin' up this old catcher's mitt; go on with your little story."

* * * * * *

"*I say that fellow was three feet off*——"

"Beg pardon. Representative of the press, eh? Well, no; I don't mind, I'll give you a minute or two while Cap. Smith is makin' that decision. They're great fellows to chew."

"Yes, fine; but right here, for fear of mistaken identity, I'll say we're not a national league team. We're just playin' here at Indianapolis with Purdue; the last game of the——"

"*Safe at second. Play ball.*"

"Yes, we're Rose Polytechnic, from Terre Haute."

"Oh, heard about us, have you?"

"How?"

"Yes, it's the eighth inning and we've got 'em shut out so far, ten to nothin', and it looks like——"

"*Strike one!*"

"Yes, it makes us second in the State college championship games this year."

"How's that?"

"Oh, yes: there's been a big howl among the colleges about their playin' professionals this season; that's why they're first."

"*Striker out!*"

"*Brown at the bat, 'nd Stewart on deck.*"

"Yes, we've been right in base ball ever since the State 'ssociation was organized in '90. DePauw and us, we shared first place that year, and——"

"*Where 'd it hit you? Take your base.*"

"*Man at the bat!*"

"*Stewart, hurry up—'Pete!' Martin on deck.*"'

"You say before that? Oh, before the time of the State organization our boys had to content themselves by playin' with the Terre Haute teams. Let's see; there was the 'Lotus Club,' the 'Rockets,' the 'Eastern Stars,' the 'Crescents,'—they all took turns. They did first rate, too, considerin'."

"Yes. Oh yes, they made good practice for us, besides——"

"*R. P., R. P., Rah! Rah! Rah! R—— 'ome run for Stewart! Tarry 'ote! Tarry 'ote! Tarry 'ote, b——*" "*Safe at third.*"

"Yes, that's 'Pete,' our twirler, first ball he's ever known to hit. Just step this side a little, please. Since you don't carry a Rose flag you might get hurt there."

"Who? That short fellow at the bat?"

"Why, that's Martin. He's the laziest man this side of Greencastle; pretty good batter though, and in the——"

"*Striker out!*"

"*Miller 't the bat.*"

The next year? Let me think. That was '91. Well, we just 'propriated a portion of the earth that year."

"Come out first? I should say we did! Never lost a game, and had seven fieldin' averages of a thousand out of the team."

"Manager? Let's see—why, it was Menden, and Perkins captained.

"Which one? That red headed fellow? That's Brown. He was found up in the sand about Cleveland."

"Yes, foxy—can catch anything that flies. Up at Wabash a couple o' weeks ago he pulled down one out of the upper atmosphere with his left hand and he wore a little red bouquet the rest o' that day.

"Certainly. Oh, they're very clever girls up there, and he——

"*Four balls. Take your base.*"

"*Austin 't the bat, Hedden on deck.*"

"Yes, that smile's a fixture in his case. He'll hit the ball though. Now watch 'im."

"In '92, you say? Well, there wasn't much done in base ball that year; not more'n half the scheduled games among colleges played, 'nd they were protested. It was all——

"*What? Bat broke, Hedden? Here, take this wagon tongue.*"

"You ask about last year, '93. I'll tell you we had a good nine."

"Yes, fairly well. We won four games and lost two."

"Louder, please."

"Why, Albert was manager, and I think Hedden, th' fellow there 't the bat, was captain. He's captain this year, too."

"Again please. A little louder."

"Yes, had some stars. There was Ellis and Randall; they were out o' sight; almost hurt your eyes. Then there was——"

"*What's the matter with—come on Austin, come on; you'll make it! Slide! sli——*"

"*Safe.*"

"Oh, yes; we could get in the national league this year all right, but then we're havin' more fun practicin' against these other college te——"

"*Brinker 't bat, Troxler on deck.*"

"A little louder, please."

"You say who's managin' th' team this year? Burk 's his name."

"Oh! know him, do you?"

"Yes, that's just like him. He means well enough, though.

"Sure! He'd be glad to see you, but I expect he'd be hard to find. He's timid you know, and I'll venture right now—oh, yonder he is, holding the red parasol over that young lady who——"

"*R. P., R. P., Ra——*" "*in a high chair, who put him up there, Brinker!*" "*—oote toot toot, Rose Polytec——*"

"*Troxler at th' bat, Hildreth on deck.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"It's a pity that press reporter didn't speak loud enough to make things record, but I remember how it was that day—field day too, nobody was heard—nothing else but 'Polys.' Well, that's got nothing to do with this year any way, and these old suits, they've got to be hustled out pretty quick, I'll tell you.

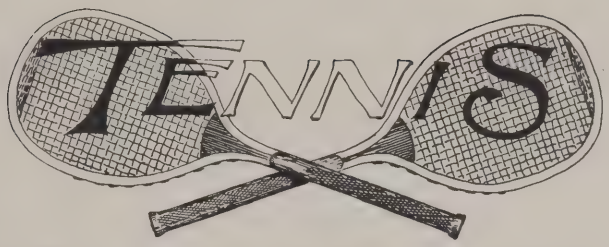
"Course our fellows 'll be on top. I don't think they'll know anything about Knapp's curves. And Darst! Well if he don't burn out Ned at first base, and Troxler at third I'll be fooled. I can see Miller at short now and Tucker there at second backin' him up on that grounder, and Brown—well, he's just natural as life, waitin' way out there in center field for a sky cracker.

"Just think the way they've fixed up that diamond, 'nd now if they'd only take those two trees out of the field.

"Then there's Ryder, and Martin, and Voorhes and Liggett—I don't think they'll touch us this year, or even get acquainted with us.

"Pshaw! there's that old mask. I think it looks like we'll have to get a new one.

"Gee whiz! Strikin' four! Who'd have thought it! That old Poly clock never did run right anyway, after that gang of '96 fellows were up there tinkerin' with it on Halloween. Well, I'll have to quit anyhow, and go up. Bientot, Herr Wickersham."



THE facilities offered for Tennis at the Institute are excellent. We have four splendid dirt courts which are provided with stop nets and good drainage. Nets, balls and racquets are furnished by the Athletic Association.

"Our Trainer," Prof. Hathaway, who is always willing to demonstrate either mathematically or experimentally just how to integrate the "Lawford," has maintained the system of having two tournaments each year, one for sport in the fall and a preliminary for State Field Day in the spring.

In the Indiana Inter-collegiate contests, the doubles were won:—

In 1890, by Jones, '91, and Gibson, '91.

In 1891, by Jones, '91, and Gibson, '91.

In 1892, by Wales, '91, and Mendenhall, '93.

In 1893, by Beebe, '96, and Johnson, '96.

And lost:

In 1894 by Beebe, '96, and Meriwether, '96.

The singles were won:—

in 1892, by Boyles, '92

In 1893, by Farrington, '96.

And lost:—

In 1891, by Wales, '91.

In 1894, by Farrington, '96.

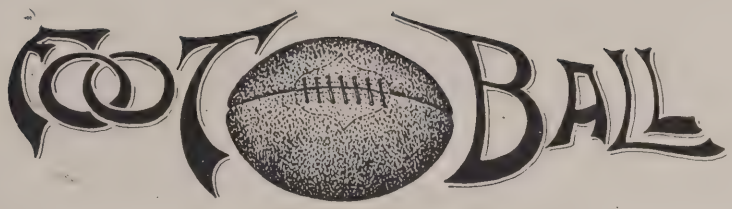
'96 has represented Rose in Tennis ever since it entered the Institute, and, though defeated last year, will make a bold stand with the determination that our colors shall fly victorious in 1895.

S. G. Mead. P. W. Klinger. E. A. Darst.

A. L. Robinson, Jr. W. L. Decker. W. J. Klinger. G. M. Walker.

R. Meriwether. F. A. Whitten. E R. Burtis. S. G. Brown. H. T. Liggett.

B. D. O'Brien. F. H. Miller. C. M. Ridgely. L. E. Troxler. N. M. Austin.



Despite the barbarity of the present foot ball game, that pugilistic element which has led the Indiana college presidents to abolish all inter-collegiate schedules, we finished the last season with a whoop and a howl over a victory in which no bones were broken and in which the little slugging matches were only carried far enough to do away with the idea that the game was checkers. The most serious trouble resulting from this particular game was the unusual number of sore throats during the week following. Of course we yelled, and yelled to a finish. Didn't our boys wipe up the field with Louisville's crack team in the presence of three thousand spectators?

Come on, boys!
We go, go, go! We go, go, go!
Every time we hit the line
We go, go, go!!!

It is to be understood that this is only a sample yell. We had dozens of them to fit all occasions, but a full list might prove tiresome. Suffice it to say our hilarity was unbounded; but, hark! "What notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy?" That? Why, that's the second eleven; they played at Evansville on the same Thanksgiving day. Their yell is something like this:

Shame, shame, dirty, rotten shame!
Second team defeated,
And Evansville to blame!

But then, you know, we didn't count that. That was merely a pleasure trip, gotten up on a week's notice. They spent a merry holiday and were satisfied.

Considering all things, our season's work on the gridiron was most satisfactory. We had plenty of fun, few accidents—in fact, no serious ones, and won three out

of five games, of which a short summary is as follows:

October 20—R. P. I., 16; Y. M. C. A., 0.

October 27—Butler, 34; R. P. I., 0.

November 3—DePauw, 26; R. P. I., 0.

November 10—R. P. I., 24; Normal, 0.

November 29—R. P. I., 22; Louisville, 18.

At the beginning of the season, considerable spirit was manifested in the class games, which resulted:

'95 vs. '96, 0 to 6.

'97 vs. '98, 12 to 14.

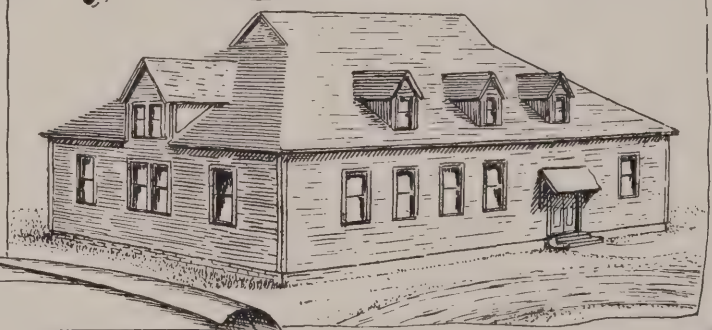
RUNNING TRACK

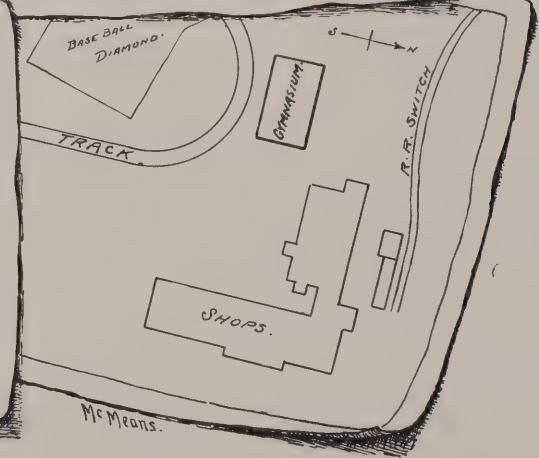
Here they come! There they go! Whew, didn't they just fairly make the ground tremble? That's Pete setting the pace, and Watt following. I tell you this running track is just the thing we needed, and now that we get that hour from five to six every evening, the fellows are doing the proper thing. Who would have thought we had so many runners in the school? And as for wheelmen, new scorchers are showing themselves every day. At first some of the fellows didn't like the idea of banking the ends so much, on account of its interfering with the runners to some extent, but Dr. Mees ingeniously got around that difficulty by his idea of having about two feet next to the pole almost flat while in the next eight feet there is a raise of about eighteen inches, thus making it perfectly safe to take the turns at a two minute gait on a bicycle, and as long as everybody obeys one very simple rule, no interference need be feared. All running and riding on the track must be around to the right, the runners always keeping to the pole and the wheelmen passing on the outside.

You know it takes R. P. I. to devise schemes, nor are we slow to execute them. Life was too short and time too precious for our athletes to do their training at the fair grounds, so of course we had to have a track, and here it is, the finest quarter mile track in the state, made of hard rolled cinders, encircling the base ball and foot ball fields without interfering with either.

The faculty are each year showing themselves more in favor of athletics, and are willing to do their full share toward making our facilities the best. This track, for instance, was designed by Professors Brown and Howe and constructed under their personal supervision.

PROPOSED GYMNASIUM BUILDING for ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.





The New Gymnasium.

At last we begin to feel that we would be fully warranted in proposing three rousing cheers for the new gymnasium. The interest taken by the students in the matter has been most encouraging; one member of the Senior class having subscribed the sum of one hundred dollars, a Junior and a Sophomore have each pledged twenty-five and nearly every student in the Institute has either donated five dollars or signified his intention of giving something later on.

To those of our Alumni who have been waiting to see what the students would do, we can safely say, they need have no fear of our shirking our share of the work. To be brief, let it be said that the new gymnasium is an assured thing, and by another year we hope to have it completed and to be reaping the benefits of a good and permanent home for our Athletic Association. With what joy we will bid farewell to the "well lighted room in the basement," with the red brick dust settled on the apparatus. No more will the old familiar phrase about the "smaller adjacent rooms as bath rooms" appear in the catalogue. Verily, there's a good time coming.

If any one entertains a doubt as to whether the gymnasium will be used, let him look over the record of the Poly class at the Y. M. C. A. If twenty or thirty of the boys will pay for the privilege of using a gymnasium down town, it requires very little figuring for one to conclude that our own building will be appreciated.

POLE VAULTERS.

Courses of Lectures are given by the President, Professors and others, in Geology, Astronomy and other topics not included in the regular course of study. Students are required to take notes and sustain examination on these lectures. (*Established, A. D., 1889.*)

Lectures on special engineering topics are given from time to time by engineers of note. A course of lectures on the laws of contracts, &c., will be given annually by competent authority. (*Of recent date but a valued addition.*)

An excursion is made each year by the members of the Senior class, if they so elect, to one of the large manufacturing cities of the country. The class is accompanied by members of the faculty, and a special study is made of the most recent structures, machinery and methods. (*Established, A. D., 1849.*)

A large and well lighted room in the basement of the Academic building has been fitted up as a gymnasium, and smaller adjacent rooms as bath rooms. The physical welfare of the young men is well cared for. (*Date uncertain, but very ancient.*)

A. L. Robinson, Jr. W. A. Krebs. S. G. Mead. B. F. Failey. W. D. Wiggins
R. R. Spafford. F. H. Miller. R. Meriwether. J. Farrington. L. C. Anderson.
E. H. Light. R. W. Scott. S. S. Roberts. C. Pirtle.

Phi Sigma Phi.

Founded at Rose Polytechnic Institute,

1890.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

'95.

L. Clifford Anderson. Arthur L. Robinson, Jr.

Frank H. Miller. William Wiggins.

'96.

Bruce F. Failey. Edward H. Light.

James Farrington. Richard Meriwether.

'97.

S. Gilmore Mead.

'98.

Walter A. Krebs. Shelby S. Roberts.

Claiborne Pirtle. Rumsey W. Scott.

R. R. Spafford.

NON-ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Thos. D. Boyles	Illinois.
Henry S. Barton	Kentucky.
James Conner	Indiana.
Harry Coope	Ohio.
Wm. J. Davis	Kentucky.
Dwight Dilworth	Kansas.
F. C. Fletcher	Missouri.
Robt. E. Johnson	Indiana.
David W. Johnston	Washington.
Augustus H. Klotz	Ohio.
Sherley Moore	Kentucky.
R. Seymore Matthews	Indiana.
Oliver M. Morton	Ohio.
H. S. Hart	Illinois.
E. R. Hendricks	Indiana.
Warren Hussey	Indiana.
Horace B. Hewitt	Indiana.
Warwick M. Anderson	Kentucky.
James C. McGregor	New York.
Clarence C. Rose	Arkansas.
Morris DeF. Sample	Washington, D. C.
S. W. Wheelock	Illinois.

ΦΙΦ

C. H. Fry, Jr. J. D. Ingle, Jr. H. T. Liggett. F G. Hunt. E. L. Shaneberger. J. T. Montgomery.
W. R. Sanborn. W. S. Speed. L. E Troxler W. O. Mundy.
G. Willius, Jr. F. E. Smith, Jr. F F. Sinks W. L. Decker.

Alpha Tau Omega.

CHAPTER ROLL.

—'95.

W. O. Mundy,
E. L. Shaneberger,
L. E. Troxler,
W. S. Speed.

—'96.—

W. L. Decker,
W. R. Sanborn,
F. G. Hunt,
H. T. Liggett,
F. E. Smith, Jr.,
F. F. Sinks.

—'97.—

C. H. Fry, Jr,
J. D. Ingle, Jr.,
Gustav Willius, Jr.

—'98.—

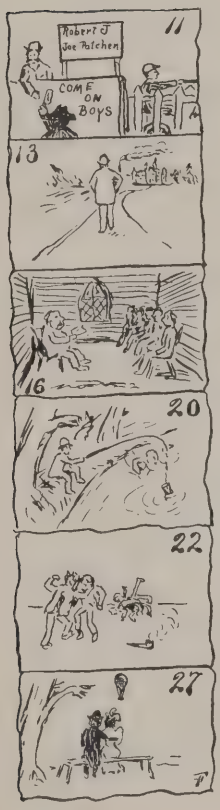
J. T. Montgomery.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Alabama,	Alpha Epsilon,	Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Alabama,	Beta Beta,	Southern University.
Alabama,	Beta Delta,	University of Alabama.
California,	Beta Psi,	Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Georgia,	Alpha Beta,	University of Georgia.
Georgia,	Alpha Theta,	Emory College.
Georgia,	Alpha Zeta,	Mercer University.
Georgia,	Beta Iota,	Georgia School of Technology.
Illinois,	Gamma Zeta,	University of Illinois.
Indiana,	Gamma Gamma,	Rose Polytechnic Institute.
Louisiana,	Beta Epsilon,	Tulane University.
Massachusetts,	Gamma Beta,	Tuft's College.
Maine,	Beta Upsilon,	State College.
Maine,	Gamma Alpha,	Colby University.
Michigan,	Alpha Mu,	Adrian College.
Michigan,	Beta Kappa,	Hillsdale College.
Michigan,	Beta Omicron,	Albion College.
North Carolina,	Alpha Delta,	University of North Carolina.
North Carolina,	Alphi Chi.	Trinity College.
New Jersey,	Alpha Kappa,	Stevens' Institute of Technology.
New York,	Alpha Omicron,	St. Lawrence University.
New York,	Beta Theta,	Cornell University.
Ohio,	Alpha Nu,	Mt. Union College.
Ohio,	Alpha Psi,	Wittenberg College.
Ohio,	Beta Eta,	Wesleyan University.
Ohio,	Beta Mu,	Wooster University.
Ohio,	Beta Rho,	Marietta College.
Ohio,	Beta Omega,	State University.
Pennsylvania,	Alpha Iota,	Muhlenburg College.
Pennsylvania,	Alpha Rho,	Lehigh University.
Pennsylvania,	Alpha Upsilon,	Pennsylvanian College.
Pennsylvania,	Tau,	University of Pennsylvania.
Rhode Island,	Gamma Delta,	Brown University.
South Carolina,	Alpha Phi,	South Carolina College.
South Carolina,	Beta Phi	Wofford College.
Tennessee,	Alpha Tau,	S. W. Presbyterian University.
Tennessee,	Beta Pi,	Vanderbilt University.
Tennessee,	Lambda,	Cumberland College.
Tennessee,	Beta Tau,	S. W. Baptist University.
Tennessee,	Omega,	University of the South.
Vermont,	Beta Zeta,	State University.
Virginia,	Beta,	Washington and Lee University.
Virginia,	Delta,	University of Virginia.

Active Chapters, 43.

Drake Plate



11. First day of the races.

13. The nine months grind begins.

14. Beebe wins $8.00 at the races but loses his ticket. (Green and red lights.)

15. To-night the Freshmen get into society at Collett Park.

16. McMeans and Green start to German Sunday school.

17. First general assembly. Promised lectures. See catalogue.

19. Dr. Mees, while lecturing in Physics tells the class he *had* gone to church. (Past indefinite.)

20. Senior and Junior Civils sound the Wabash.

22. '97–'98 scrap. Two rounds, 45 minutes each.

24. Smith has his overalls washed.

27. Mundy takes a trip to Collett Park to see the balloon ascension.

W. Bundy. R. W. Beebe. C. H. Holderman
O. Kloer. J. D. Ingle J. S. Royse. F. G. Hunt. F. W. Schneider. J. E. Lufkin, Jr.
E. L. Shaneberger. E. B. Harris E. F. Colberg H. H. Meadows. H. T. Liggett.
F. C. Brachmann. G. Willius, Jr. J. J. Kessler, Jr. I. M. L. Werk.

INDESCRIBABLY pathetic is the music which now steals upon my ear, quavering along as though some lost soul were tottering upon the precipitous edge of worlds unknown, as though a more rapid movement or a moment's hesitancy might end in a break down, a land slide and earth with sky would swirl in combat while a discordant screech would rend the atmosphere, followed by eternal silence.* But the pathetic strain continues, sighing as though tired of living, yet afraid to die, when—crash! A volume of melody rushes over me and bears me away to heights of bliss. Then a change of time and key; a scattering fire of rattles and taps and tinkles from the drum and triangle; now a howl from the "dog house;" now a groan from the trombone. Yea, verily, pandemonium is let loose. Howl on, ye dogs of all creation; screech, ye owls of darkness, till your tail feathers drop; yowl, ye back-yard cats, till boot-jacks——. Thwack—twack—thwack, as the leader raps his desk, and a voice rises above the tumult. "Stop! Hold on!! You're off the beat!!!" "Jumping Hyenas Caterwauling!!! Tune up." I then know the Poly orchestra has commenced its season's work.

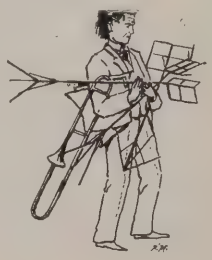
But in the history of the Rose Polytechnic Orchestral Club it was ever thus. Each year brings new and inexperienced members who must be coached in the secrets of ensemble playing and the first rehearsals are rarely brilliant successes.

* The author has since learned that this was an oboe solo taken by the 2nd violins, as the oboe player was enjoying the afternoon at tennis.

With the graduation of Mr. S. E. Johannesen, '93, the orchestra sustained the loss of its founder and leader, and for a time the club seemed doomed to vanish into the abyss of oblivion whence other musical organizations of Rose have disappeared. In September, 1893, however, a reorganization was effected and several new members admitted. Mr. C. E. Mendenhall was chosen president and temporary leader; Mr. Paul Mischler, secretary and treasurer; Mr. H. H. Meadows, property-man, and later Mr. G. H. Winters was elected permanent leader. Regular rehearsals were then begun, but little was accomplished during the first term of the year. After Christmas, Dr. Mees kindly consented to assume the baton, and under his able direction the club began to improve rapidly. The concert was given as usual with the same flattering success which had attended the previous entertainments of the Orchestra.

At the beginning of the present school year prospects for an orchestra were exceedingly slim, as first violins were hard to find. The club, however, held together in spite of obstacles which seemed to crush every hope of accomplishing anything this year. In January, Mr. Colberg very kindly offered his services as leader and again the orchestra was upon the highway to success. Without him as leader and first violin, it would have been impossible to have given the annual entertainment which was held at the Congregational church on the evening of March 21st. The orchestra was assisted by the Misses Paige, of Terre Haute, Miss Winifred Hysung, of Coates College, and the R. P. Mandolin Club. Popular and classical numbers were interspersed, making the program enjoyable for all.

The club deserves no little praise for remaining intact during the past six years, and though time may continue to work its wondrous changes, it is hoped the orchestral club may continue throughout the future as an organization established for all and for aye.



MEMBERS.

President—J. David Ingle, Jr.

Secretary-Treasurer—F. G. Hunt.

Property-Man—G. Willius, Jr.

FIRST VIOLINS.
G. Willius, Jr.
J. S. Royse.
H. G. Kilbourne.

SECOND VIOLINS.
I. M. L. Werk.
F. W. Schneider.
F. Brachmann.

VIOLA.
R. Wallace Beebe.

CELLO.
O. Kloer.

BASS
David Ingle, Jr.

FLUTES.
H. H. Meadows.
H. T. Liggett.
F. G. Hunt.

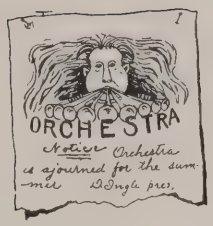
CLARINET.
W. M. Bundy.

CORNETS.
C. H. Holderman.
E. L. Shaneberger.

OBOE.
E. B. Harris.

TROMBONE.
J. E. Lufkin, Jr.

PIANO.
J. J. Kessler, Jr.



The Faculty Cycling Club.

I CHANCED one time in early May,
(When I'd grown weary of books)
To take a walk one Saturday,
And seek the fairest nooks
Among the hills and valleys green,
Where blithely bloom the flowers,
There to repose and fondly dream
Away the fleeting hours.

I laid me down 'mid flowers so gay
To rest my weary head,
And from the hillside where I lay,
A lovely view was spread:
Far down among the hills of green,
The dusty highway wound,
And oft a cyclist could be seen
Fast speeding o'er the ground.

When dawning on my raptured gaze,
A classic figure came;
I started! Yea, C. Leo Mees!
Indeed, such was the name
Of him who down the hillside tore
With visage set and grim!
You know—the one he always wore
When we'd recite to him.

Another figure. What! 'Twas "Mac,"
With face of scarlet hue,
Who rode as though he feared the rack;
And then came into view
Professors Ames, and Howe, and Noyes,
All riding in a bunch;
And all were humped, about like boys
Who've had green fruit for lunch.

Then pedalling hard enough "to beat
  The band," (as Pete would say)
Harmonic motion in his feet,
  Came riding Hathaway.
He had indeed out-pedalled Peddle.
  Of far more stately mien,
Who rode as though a cycle saddle,
  Was harder than 'twould seem.

The long and short of this procession
  Came wheeling into sight,
Trailing along in close succession,
  But in a sorry plight!
For Ballard bore upon his face
  A dark precipitate,
While Andrews feared that in this race
  A shut-out was his fate.

Ben Grosvenor and Smith appeared
  Fast gaining on the others,
And, though Ben's wheel was lower geared,
  They rode along like brothers.
Smith's back was bended like a bow,
  He pulled his very best,
But Ben's was straight, though leaning low,
  With knees up to his chest.

Right fearlessly they pumped down grade
  With all their might and main;
Kinetic energy they made,
  To take them up again;
Yet on they swept o'er hill and dale
  In manner really charming,
Nor rocks nor sticks caused them to pale
  From dangers oft alarming.

5. Juniors practice foot ball by moonlight.

6. '96 vanquishes '95 in foot ball, while '98 instructs '97 in the sport.

9. Harry relates his revised edition of stories to the Junior foundry gang.

12. Fall Field Day. Everybody wears an overcoat except contestants, who wish they could.

13. W. J. Klinger, '96, breaks the world's competition quarter mile bicycle record at Decatur, Ill.

14. Ridgely makes a century—last fifty miles on a freight.

18. Mead and P. W. Klinger go riding at 10 P. M. Mead punctures his tire three miles from home and is obliged to walk back.

20. Foot ball. R. P. I. 16—Y. M. C. A. 0.

21. Meriwether obtains a new pair of pants.

22. Beebe arrives at the shop on time.

24. Paterson was too ill to attend the meeting at Collett Park. The band played anyway.

25. Polytechnic academic building mistaken for the Normal by a foreigner.

26. McDargh goes to Marshall on Meadows' 60 pound wheel. For about five miles he has to walk and push the wheel through mud.

27. Butler 36—Rose 0. No comments.

28. Burk and Paterson discover '96 boulder.

30. General assembly; a tender subject mentioned.

31. City and vicinity shaken by the fall of '96 boulder.

J. J. Kessler, Jr. H. T. Liggett. A. V. Tuller. J. D. Ingle, Jr. C. H. Fry, Jr.
W. R. Sanborn. H. H. Meadows. E. L. Shaneberger.

The Technic.

Editor in Chief.
H. H. Meadows.

Associate Editors.

A. V. Tuller . . . . . Alumni.
C. H. Fry, Jr. . . . . Athletics.
H. T. Liggett
J. J. Kessler, Jr . . . . . Local.
H. D. Gerwig
J. D. Ingle, Jr . . . . . Exchange.

E. L. Shaneberger . . . . . Business Manager.
W. R. Sanborn . . . . . Assistant.

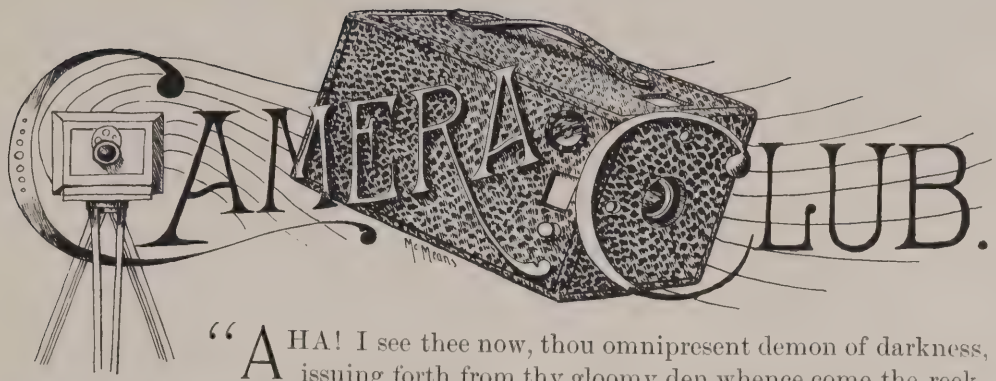
At noon of "the fifteenth of each month" the students are seen to advance in a throng towards the library, where a long-haired young man of business-like mien sharply asks their names and classes, and with a hauteur born of importance gravely hands to each a paper bearing upon the cover a peculiar rose colored blot. Each man immediately immerses himself in the local columns and soon there is a cry of—"There he goes!" And all rush out to see the care-worn local editor dash away in mad flight, hotly pursued by the victims of his facile quill. But the local editor is a sprinter, and little damage is done exeept to the wind of the victims who return to inform the editor-in-chief that the last joke "has cost him several friends." Such exciting events are, of course, incident to any journalistic venture and but add variety to the lives of the votaries of that profession. Thus struck by occasional petty squalls, The Rose Technic has continued upon the tempestuous sea of college journalism, and though the helmsmen have changed thrice, yet the past "year of failures" has been weathered safely while many another college journal has disappeared.

With one bound The Technic was placed among the foremost of college papers by its founder, Mr. W. Arnold Layman, '92, and for

the next two years it was ably sustained in that position by Mr. Walter M. Blinks, '94.

The present management has endeavored to maintain this excellence and has been successful in enlarging both the journal and its circulation.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE EXCHANGE TABLE.



"AHA! I see thee now, thou omnipresent demon of darkness, issuing forth from thy gloomy den whence come the reeking odors of thy hellish brews and from whose portal shine fitful gleams of lurid light. I know thy direful mission well, thou perverter of heaven's pure light, who sayest to the sunbeam, 'Thou art my slave. Do thou my bidding.' Whence goest thou now among the sons of men to vex them? Behold! if I take me to the crowded marts where struggling mortals sell their lives for gold, I find thee there. If I seek the shade of rural glens where nature speaks her various languages to the soul in tune, there intrudest thou thy straddling form and veiled countenance. I mount the everlasting hills where earth and sky acquaintance make, and there thy hateful cyclopean eye its gaze upon me fixes. If I take the wings of the vapours and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there thou art. Thou hast encompassed the earth with thy vision and gazed into the depths of the sea. Thou hast looked upon the secrets of atoms, and the mysteries of the stars thou hast seen. Verily, thou art legion, and thy name,—it is The Camera Fiend."

Yes, even within the walls of the Institute has he pushed his way, and although existing there in mild, inoffensive form, yet he has lost none of his insatiable zeal. His local den is in the basement of the main building, from where as headquarters he haunts not only the prosaic halls of science but the country for miles around as well. His special delight seems to be found in public events of an athletic nature, for there it is that he is to be seen in all his glory.

FIENDS.

O. E. McMeans . . . . . President
W. L. Ames . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

H. J. McDargh,	W. A. Krebs,	M. C. Rypinski,
H. T. Paterson,	J. B. Peddle,	F. G. Hunt,
O. G. Rice,	C. S. McCosker.	

Rose Scientific Society.

OFFICERS.

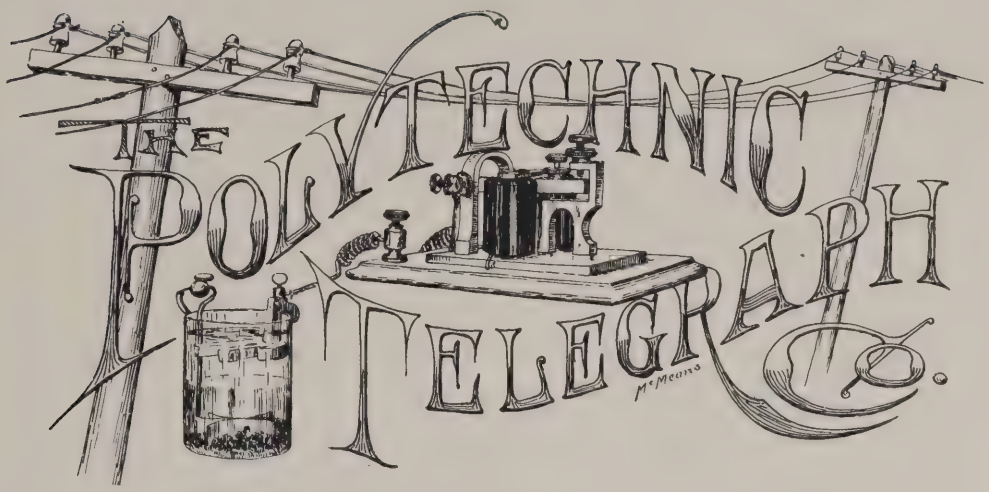
E. A. Darst . . . . . President

W. L. Decker . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

L. E. Troxler
O. E. McMeans } . . . . . Members of Council

CHARTER MEMBERS.

O. E. McMeans,
H. J. McDargh,
Harry Coope,
E. L. Shaneberger,
W. D. Wiggins,
R. W. Beebe,
Louis Werk,
E. B. Harris,
H. W. Bigelow, 2nd.
W. R. Sanborn,
F. F. Sinks,
Linus Sanford, Jr.,
George Phillips,
S. G. Brown,
L. E. Troxler,
F. T. Green,
E. A. Darst,
W. L. Decker,
O. G. Rice.
H. T. Paterson,
C. M. Ridgely,
Edward Walser,
L. C. Anderson,
A. L. Robinson, Jr.
W. O. Mundy,
W. S. Speed,
A. V. Tuller,
W. E. Burk,
W. J. Klinger,
E. R. Burtis,
G. E. Wells,
F. E. Smith, Jr.,
C. H. Holderman,
J. M. Van Auken,
H. H. Meadows,
F. G. Hunt,
U. U. Carr,



FROM somewhere in the indefinite past comes a legend of a former Polytechnic Telegraph Line. A few scattered and weather-beaten ruins, rusty wire and porcelain knobs, crowning the summits of various barns about the region of Sixth and the Van crossing, confirm this tale. But neither legends nor ruins are of much value in this matter of fact age, and to the Poly student who has "practical" drummed into his ears all the way from buzz saw to thesis, they cut no more figure than do text-books in July. A number of the students, who previous to their admission into the Institute had tampered to a greater or less extent with that fascinating amusement, amateur telegraphy, and who consequently pined for the familiar click of the sounder, put their heads together some time about the Christmas vacation, '94, and evolved a plan for the organization, and what more especially concerned them, the construction of a short line. Other kindred spirits hearing of the project desired to share in it, and consequently the usual process of "meeting, committee, second meeting," was gone through with, the result being a constitution and by-laws, signed by fifteen charter members. Arrangements were at once made to put up the connecting link of the organization, the line. A list of supplies were ordered and a lineman engaged, the latter item being explained not in that the members were lazy, the mere fact that they are still connected with the Institute

would refute that, but that they decided that their time could be more profitably employed in original investigations and in reading the many valuable works on Political Economy and Potential Functions, in the library. Many unforeseen difficulties reared themselves in the way of the infant organization. What with the mercury at 5° below the snow and salt zero for a week, the first lineman getting jagged, number two proving to be a beginner of emerald brilliancy, a man up a tree with a file in his hand and hostility to wires of any sort, in his eye, and an infinite resistance introduced into the circuit by electric light linemen, the board of directors were about ready to resign in a body. In their extremity, however, they did just the opposite, that is, buckled on the climbers and started in to set the ball rolling themselves. At the end of half a day of honest toil a reliable professional stringer of wires appeared, and his proffered services were joyfully accepted. Two days later, March 16, '95, the western terminus was reached and the last member connected with the source of E. M. F., the basement of the Academic building. Dividing the total weight of wire as given by John A. Roebling's Sons Co., contractors for the special wire used, by the weight per foot as given in the specifications, we have 7899 ft. 5.23 in. as the total length at present. This is, of course, subject to changes due to inequalities in temperature.

One fact to which the directors point with pride is that they own by right of purchase all the equipments of the line, including binding posts. In fact you can detect a member every time by his air of haughty independence as he passes the binding post drawer in the Electrical Laboratory.

A similar bearing may also be noticed in the vicinity of the blue vitriol barrel, for the somewhat unpleasant duty of carrying samples home in one's pocket is entirely obviated by the plan of keeping all the battery at the Institute. This, at the same time, relieves the superintendent of the necessity of becoming acquainted with sundry garrets, closets, and cellars along the line.

As the company is in more senses than one a student organization, the usual primary idea of rapid communication is often secondary to that of instruction and advancement in the mysteries of dots and dashes, the instruction being volun-

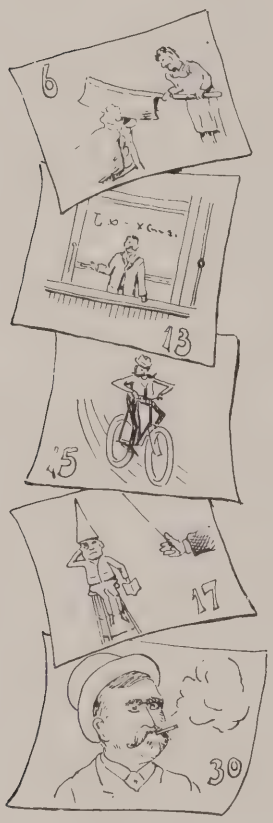
teered by the veterans, the advancement attempted with more or less success by the initiates. On two evenings of the week an hour is set apart for special practice in "copying" during which time all other business must wait. An arrangement is planned by which exact Institute time will be struck on every member's instrument every hour from the large regulator in the corridor, a feature of unusual value to the members of an institution where things are run so close to schedule.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

O. E. McMEANS . . . . . President
F. G. HUNT . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer
A. H. MEYER . . . . . Superintendent

MEMBERS.

W. L. Decker.
C. H. Fry, Jr.
J. B. Peddle.
C. E. Theobald.
F. C. Brachmann.
F. W. Schneider.
R. M. Newbold.
J. Hellweg, Jr.
W. A. Krebs.
H. D. Gerwig.
Dr. C. L. Mees.
W. B. Ryder, Jr.
J. M. Lansden, Jr.
H. T. Liggett.
M. C. Rypinski.
C. S. McCosker.



3. DePauw University 26—R. P. I. 2.

6. Ford, '98, gets shaved. [He gets shaved once a month, but to avoid repetition we mention it only once.]

8. Failey has his measure taken for a necktie.

9. Foot ball trainer advises the team not to drink water. Meriwether (in a low voice), "Does he expect us to drink soda?"

10. R. P. I. 24—Normal 0.

13. Rose Scientific Society organized.

15. Dr. Mees appears on a bicycle. [It is rumored that Palmer Cox will have a new figure copyrighted in a few days.]

17. Prof. Wickersham gives Ridgely a chair to himself on account of his talking propensities.

18. Ice is discovered in the water cooler for the first time.

25. Sanborn varies the monotony of his existence by calling on a young lady. Says, "Boys, it's deuced nice, I'm going again."

26. Sanborn buys two new neckties and a pair of patent leathers.

27. Sanborn smokes a cigarette. [We draw the curtain on Sanborn's history.]

29. Foot ball teams play at Louisville, Ky., and Evansville, Ind.

30. Prof. Brown is seen smoking a cigarette.

R. P. I. Mandolin Club.

A club of mushroom growth, but we hope of the tensile strength of steel. Due to some necessity not mentioned in the preamble of their constitution, the Mandolin and Guitar Club of Rose did not assert itself as a fact until the Winter term. Though organized late in the season, the lively and vigorous efforts of the members pushed it forward with such vim that when honored with a request "to assist" at the Orchestral Club concert they promptly accepted.

Organized by the united efforts of E. Walser and W. R. Sanborn, they signed five other musicians and began practice. After a thorough investigation they found everyone too bashful to assume the honored position of leader. This obstacle was surmounted by securing the services of Mr. Brandenburg, and they were off. For a few weeks we lost sight of them entirely but on the evening of March 21st they made their first appearance as a body. Parted hair, white collars, blushing cheeks, they seemed to see their reflection in their "patent leathers." How trying on their nerves must have been those long moments of stillness preceding the out-burst of music. Each appeared conscious of the steady gaze of a soft pair of eyes and realized his anxiety was not entirely his own. Then they suddenly seemed to forget their trying situation and all fear was lost in the flood of harmony which followed.

An encore! The mandolin club's success is assured and its history just begun.

MEMBERS.

MANDOLINS.

T. Fletcher.
E. Walser,
J. Farrington,
F. W. Schneider,

GUITARS.

W. R. Sanborn,
W. E. Conable.

Glee Club.

FIRST TENOR.

O. E. McMeans, '96.

J. S. Royse, '94.

C. H. Holderman, '96.

SECOND TENOR.

W. L. Decker, '96.

H. W. Hubbard, '98.

FIRST BASS.

H. T. Liggett, '96.

H. T. Paterson, '96.

C. H. Fry, Jr., '97.

SECOND BASS.

E. B. Harris, '96.

J. J. Kessler, Jr., '97.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Professor Wickersham.

LIKE many other great discoveries, the discovery of latent vocal ability among us was accidental. When Prof. Wickersham as a last resort to keep one of his classes awake started them to singing "Tannenbaum," he only wished them to learn the german words, expecting them to sing somewhat as Trilby sang "Ben Bolt;" but he was most agreeably surprised at the intensity of feeling with which the class rendered his favorite melody, and at the tender pathos in a few of the most sympathetic voices as theysang. „O Mägdelein, O Mägdelein, wie treu ist dein Gemüthe."

The discovery was not without result, gas had been struck, and it flowed freely; the nights were made melodious with the newly found voices, and singing became an epidemic, like the measles at the Normal; evening after evening a score or more of the zealots assembled in some ill-starred locality and rendered operas, rhapsodies and melodies, harmonious and otherwise. A few weeks later Professor Wickersham assisted them in organizing a double quartette, which met at his home on Sunday afternoons, and their efforts resulted in an extensive collection mainly of college songs.

The object of the organization was not so much for amusement itself, but rather to learn all our favorite college songs, a good collection of new ones, and teach them to the school, thus producing a good chorus for Field Days, Halloweens and other legal holidays.

During the Fall term the club was somewhat swamped in the livelier interest taken in athletic sports, but held together and during the winter met when occasion offered at some of the boys' rooms. A few selections were prepared, by request, for the Orchestra concert, but sickness of the leader and colds among the members prevented their appearance.

The Glee club has never been formally organized, but the membership has varied, increasing or decreasing according to the facility or difficulty of finding the same members in a singing mood from meeting to meeting.

Overheard in Laboratory.

"Well, I'll put in a thousand."

"Oh, don't be so grouchy; put in five thousand."

"All right, here she goes."

"I'll raise you ten thousand."

"I'll see your ten thousand and raise you a hundred thousand."

"Hundred thousand is too easy; I'll raise you a million."

"There! that's getting closer; you'll find this resistance to be about one million, two hundred thousand ohms."

AND it came to pass in the first year of the reign of Leo the Short, in the ninth month, that a certain youth came from a far country to sojourn in the city near the palace.

And he was wearied with his journey and faint, and would fain have filled himself with a ham sandwich.

When behold there met him one fair of speech who beguiled him; and said, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a stranger. Come with me, for in mine house the feast is spread. Let us eat and be filled."

And the youth hearkened unto the voice of him that spake, and entered into his house and sat at meat with him. And lo there were many others there gathered together from the East and the West and the North and the South, and sat likewise at table. And when they had eaten, the master of the house said unto him, "If it seemeth well unto thee I will agree with thee for a price that thou mayest be continually a guest at my table."

And he agreed with the master for three pieces of silver. And he was exceeding glad and rejoiced in his heart, saying, "This is indeed that which is spoken of in the catalogue, 'Excellent accommodations at $3.00 per week.'"

For he was slow of understanding and perceived not as yet that which should come to pass.

Now on the morrow, the fourth day of the week, the youth went up to the palace and made known his wants to the Rulers and Scribes.

And his request was granted unto him that he should sit at the feet of the wise men and doctors and learn concerning the things known unto them. And forthwith he received the name of Freshman.

And every day at morning, midday, and evening he came unto the house of him with whom he had covenanted. And straightway he made himself known unto his companions at table, who received him gladly. And they made merry one with another.

But when the master of the house saw their gladness he repented within himself and said, "I will no more give unto them milk and honey, and instead of a fowl will I give them the flesh of cattle.

And when they ceased not to make merry he exercised himself diligently to find out those things that could be spared unto them.

And the Freshman waxed exceeding thin.

Now the Normalites dwelt in the land, and were tillers of the soil. And they had unto themselves clubs and rendered unto the masters thereof two pieces of silver every seventh day. And they grew strong and increased.

And when the Freshman saw this he was troubled within himself and would not be comforted, for he said, "Am I not better than many Normalites?"

Now the feast of Thanksgiving was nigh at hand, and the Freshman counseled with himself and said, "Why are these things thus. Behold in my father's house there is enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go unto my father and will say unto him: 'Father, give unto me once more a good square meal.'"

And he arose and went.

Faculty Quotations.

"Now, twice half the line equals the whole line, you see?" E. P.

"We must have discipline. Just one man here must run this, and as long as I'm here I'll run it." T. G.

"I have often seen Venus at one o'clock." C. L. M.

"You must not call me to account for any thing that I said yesterday. That will never do." J. A. W.

"In ordinary cases, many cases, some cases at least, I think this is correct." E. P.

"Is there any one absent beside you, Mr. Klinger?" T. G.

"If the earth should ever move straight toward the sun it wouldn't be more than a month till we would be where we don't all want to go." A. S. H.

"I don't believe I ever heard of a red winged lobster." J. A. W.

"Now this morning, gentlemen, I want to make a remark." E. P.

"When water flows from a thin plate orifice nodes are formed, and the water makes beautiful living pictures." C. L. M.

"Now this is derived from—well I don't know where it is derived from. And this is derived—well, say from the Hebrew." J. A. W.

"To-morrow I will show you a fifty lamp volt." C. L. M.

"If I happen to give you more than you can get—why don't get it." J. A. W.

"Now, we will get double petticoats at $2.00 a thousand. This may seem cheap, but it is all right." E. P.

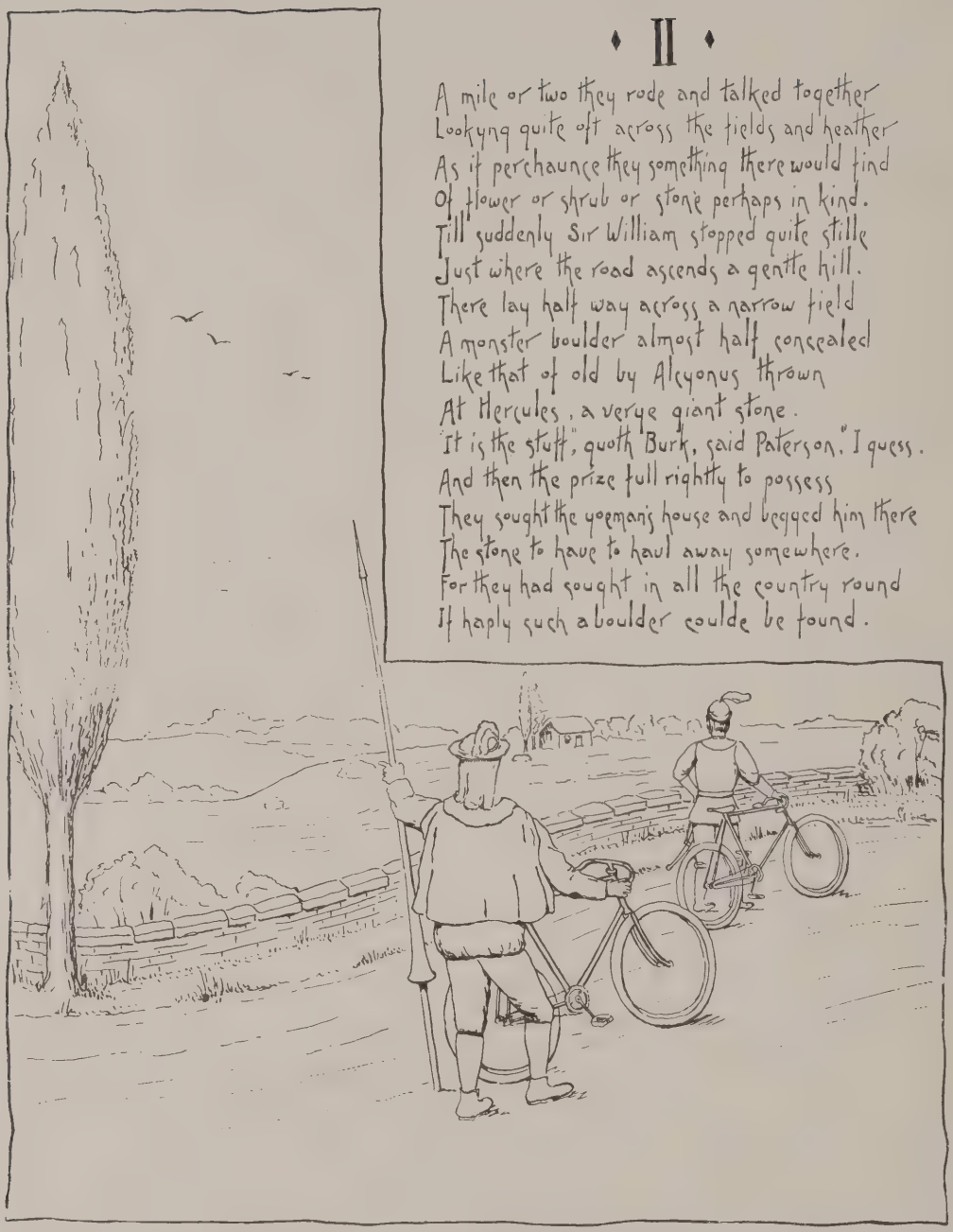
"Whitsunday is a day that seems not to have entered into my arrangements very much." J. A. W.

A Legend of All Halloween.

Betel upon a calme October daye
When trees in many coloured leaves were gaye
As though they for a-sesoun would make merrye
Before that winters snows the earth should burye.
Two valiant knights from Roselynn Castle hied
Upon their steeds of metaylle forth to ride.
Out through the western gate of Tara Hote
Across the drawbridge spannyng o'er the moat
And soon upon the broad highway they rode
Which leadeth to Saint Maryes of the Wood.
One of the two, Sir William Burke by nayme
Proud from Sir Edwin his descent to clayme,
Rejoiced in riches not of lands or flocks
So much as in his wealth of flowyng locks.
The second knight Sir Henry Paterson,
Who was by birth an honest fuller's son
Had doubtfull praises for his steed to saye.
He borrowed it that mornynge for the daye.

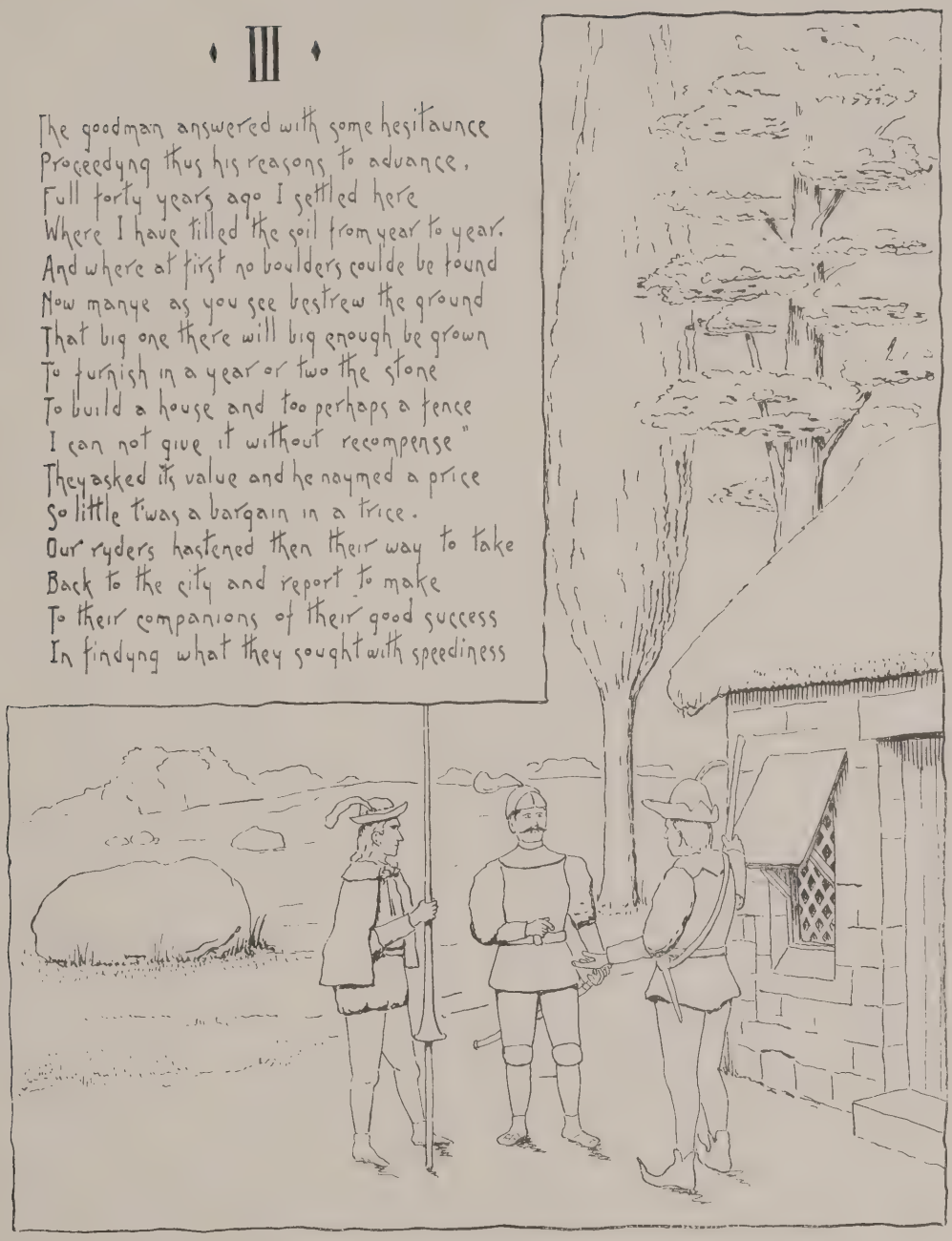
♦ II ♦

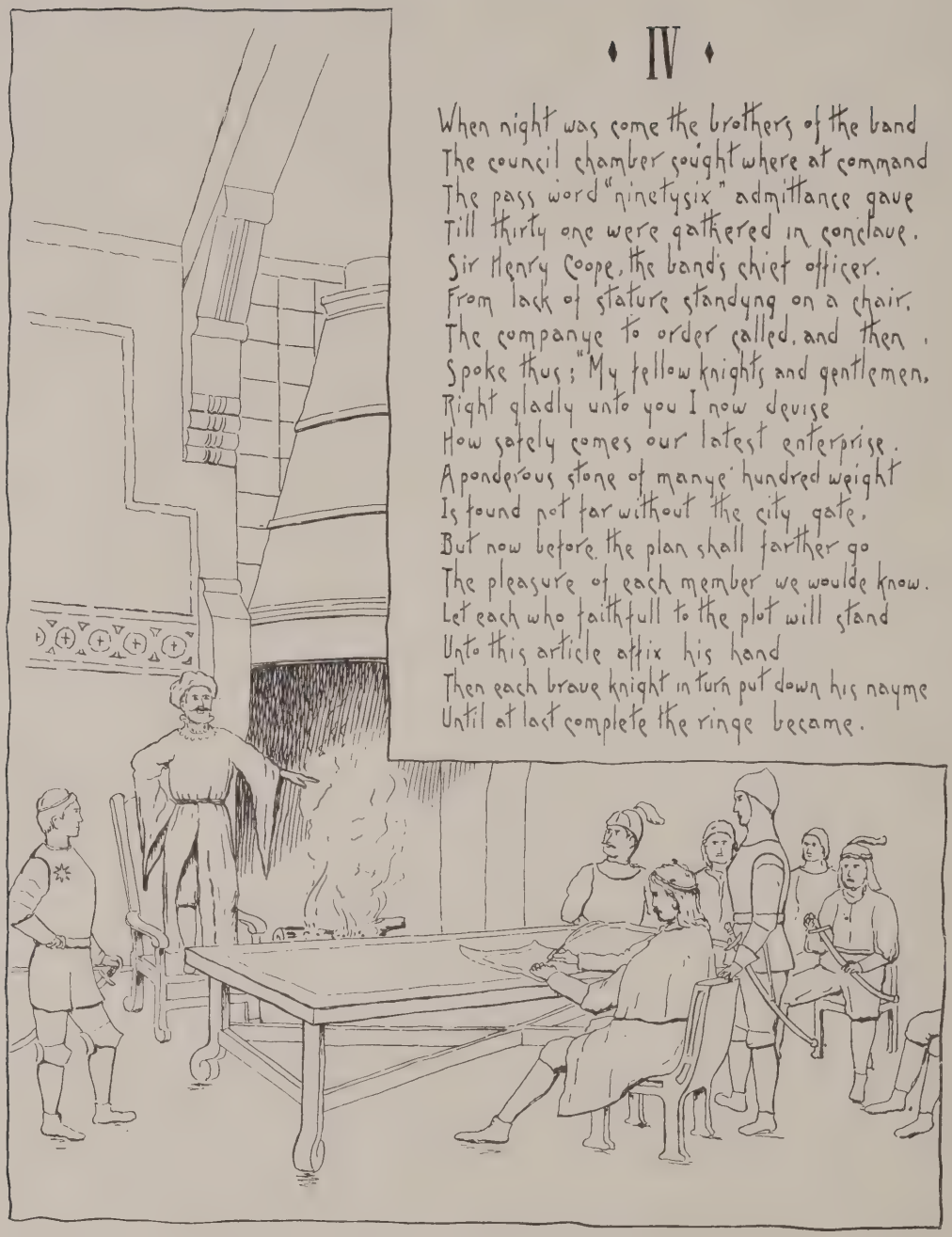
A mile or two they rode and talked together
Lookyng quite oft across the fields and heather
As if perchaunce they something there would find
Of flower or shrub or stone perhaps in kind.
Till suddenly Sir William stopped quite stille
Just where the road ascends a gentle hill.
There lay half way across a narrow field
A monster boulder almost half concealed
Like that of old by Alcyonus thrown
At Hercules, a verye giant stone.
"It is the stuff", quoth Burk, said Paterson, "I guess.
And then the prize full rightly to possess
They sought the yoeman's house and begged him there
The stone to have to haul away somewhere.
For they had sought in all the country round
If haply such a boulder coulde be found.



III

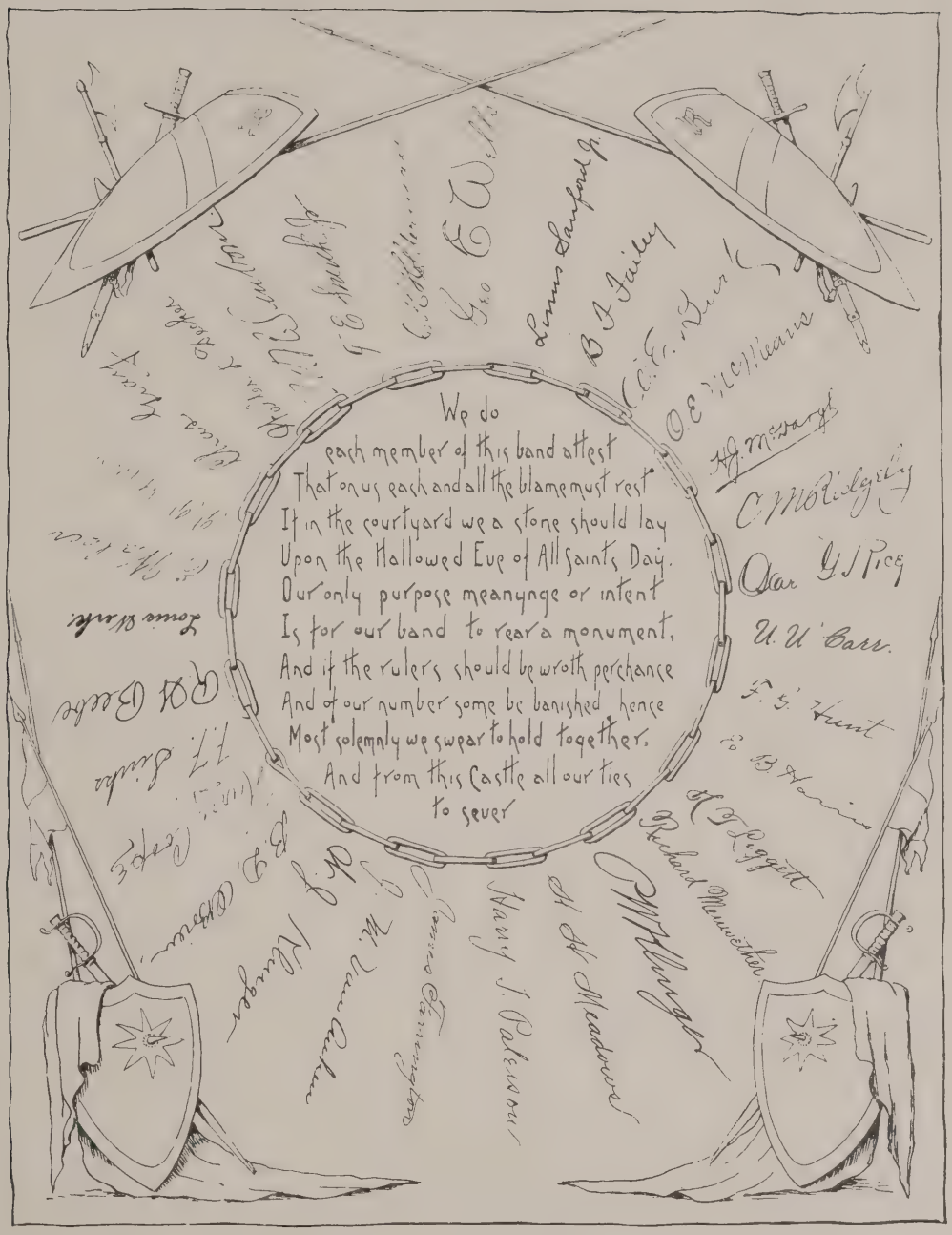
The goodman answered with some hesitaunce
Proceedyng thus his reasons to aduance.
Full forty years ago I settled here
Where I have tilled the soil from year to year.
And where at first no boulders coulde be found
Now manye as you see bestrew the ground
That big one there will big enough be grown
To furnish in a year or two the stone
To build a house and too perhaps a fence
I can not give it without recompense"
They asked its value and he naymed a price
So little t'was a bargain in a trice.
Our ryders hastened then their way to take
Back to the city and report to make
To their companions of their good success
In findyng what they sought with speediness

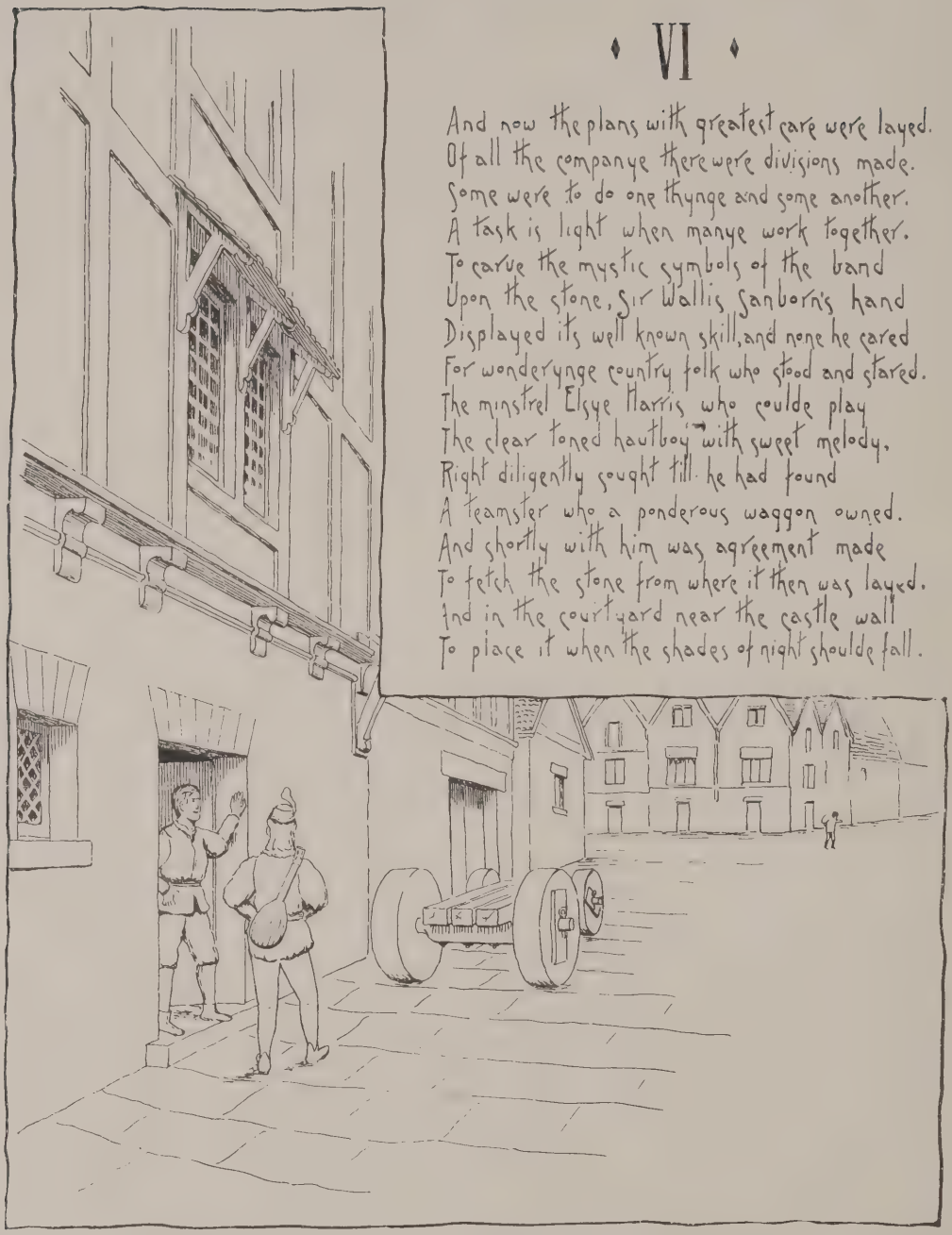




♦ IV ♦

When night was come the brothers of the band
The council chamber sought where at command
The pass word "ninetysix" admittance gave
Till thirty one were gathered in conclave.
Sir Henry Coope, the band's chief officer.
From lack of stature standyng on a chair.
The companye to order called, and then
Spoke thus; "My fellow knights and gentlemen,
Right gladly unto you I now devise
How safely comes our latest enterprise.
A ponderous stone of manye hundred weight
Is found not far without the city gate.
But now before the plan shall farther go
The pleasure of each member we woulde know.
Let each who faithfull to the plot will stand
Unto this article affix his hand
Then each brave knight in turn put down his nayme
Until at last complete the ringe became.


We do
each member of this band attest
That on us each and all the blame must rest
If in the courtyard we a stone should lay
Upon the Hallowed Eve of All Saints Day.
Our only purpose meanynge or intent
Is for our band to rear a monument,
And if the rulers should be wroth perchance
And of our number some be banished hence
Most solemnly we swear to hold together,
And from this Castle all our ties
to sever

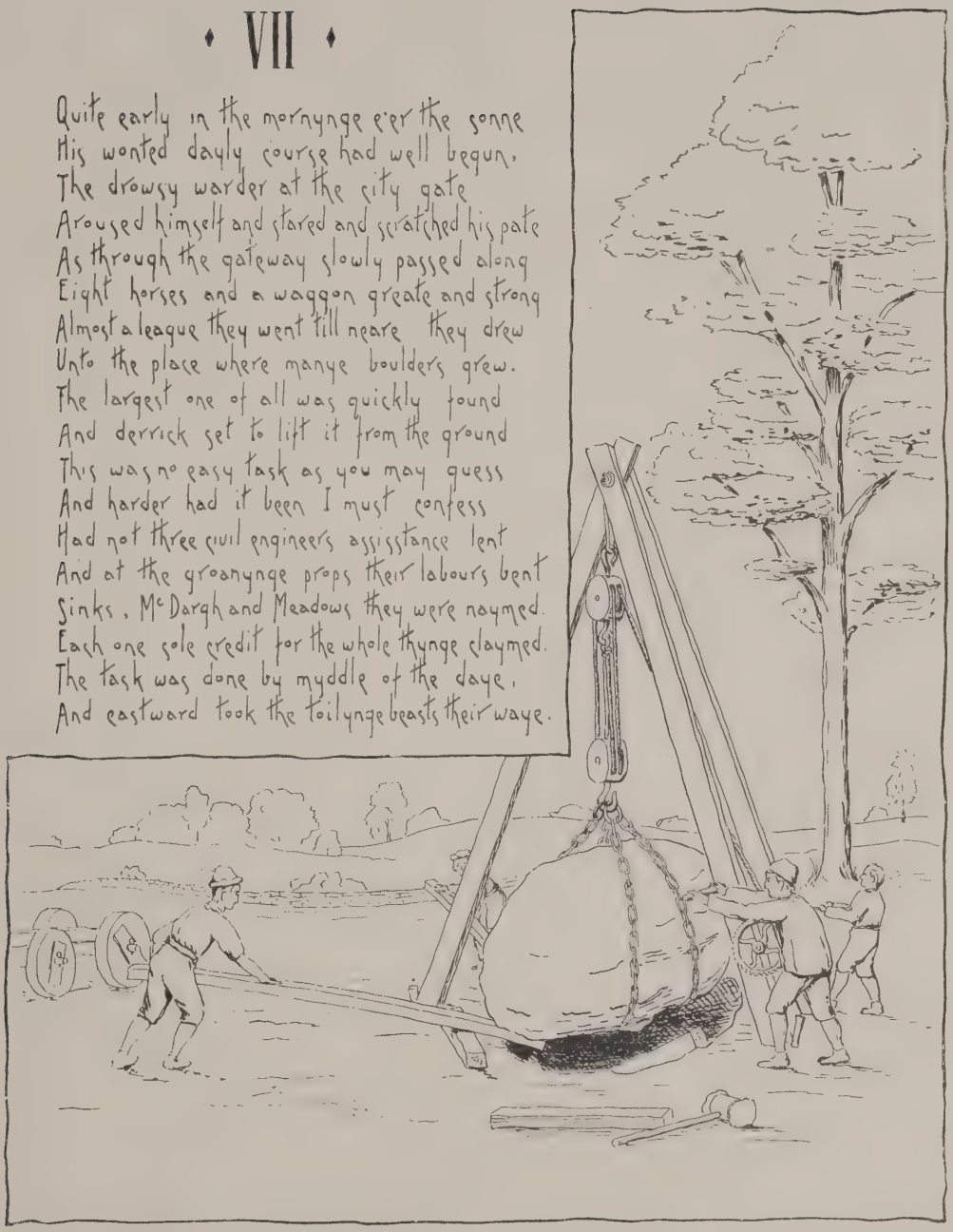


♦ VI ♦

And now the plans with greatest care were layed.
Of all the companye there were divisions made.
Some were to do one thynge and some another.
A task is light when manye work together.
To carve the mystic symbols of the band
Upon the stone, Sir Wallis Sanborn's hand
Displayed its well known skill, and none he cared
For wonderynge country folk who stood and stared.
The minstrel Elsye Harris who coulde play
The clear toned hautboy with sweet melody,
Right diligently sought till he had found
A teamster who a ponderous waggon owned.
And shortly with him was agreement made
To fetch the stone from where it then was layed.
And in the courtyard near the castle wall
To place it when the shades of night shoulde fall.

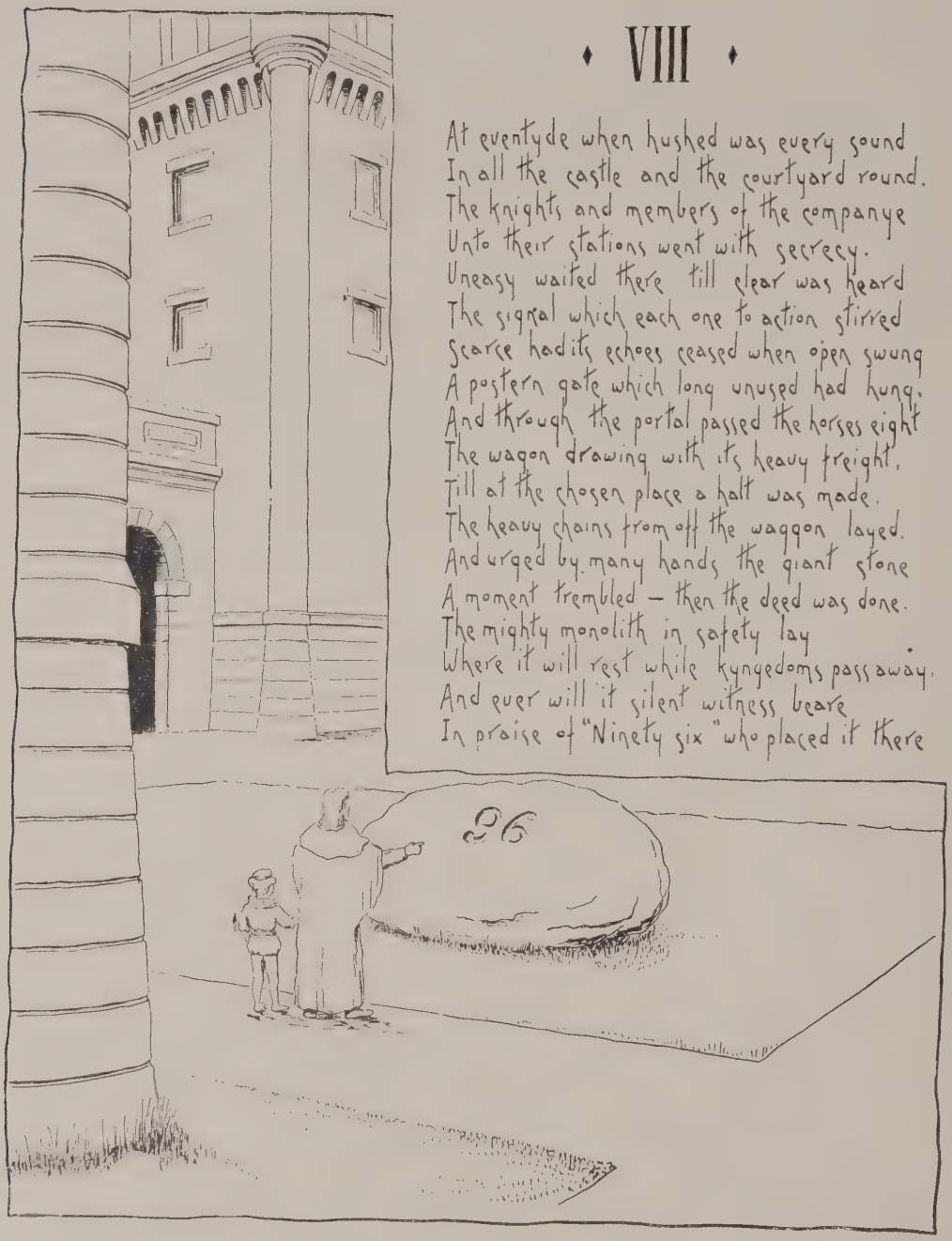
• VII •

Quite early in the mornynge e'er the sonne
His wonted dayly course had well begun,
The drowsy warder at the city gate
Aroused himself and stared and scratched his pate
As through the gateway slowly passed along
Eight horses and a waggon greate and strong
Almost a league they went till neare they drew
Unto the place where manye boulders grew.
The largest one of all was quickly found
And derrick set to lift it from the ground
This was no easy task as you may guess
And harder had it been I must confess
Had not three civil engineers assisstance lent
And at the groanynge props their labours bent
Sinks, McDargh and Meadows they were naymed.
Each one sole credit for the whole thynge claymed.
The task was done by myddle of the daye,
And eastward took the toilynge beasts their waye.



♦ VIII ♦

At eventyde when hushed was every sound
In all the castle and the courtyard round.
The knights and members of the companye
Unto their stations went with secrecy.
Uneasy waited there till clear was heard
The signal which each one to action stirred
Scarce had its echoes ceased when open swung
A postern gate which long unused had hung.
And through the portal passed the horses eight
The wagon drawing with its heavy freight,
Till at the chosen place a halt was made.
The heavy chains from off the waggon layed.
And urged by many hands the giant stone
A moment trembled — then the deed was done.
The mighty monolith in safety lay
Where it will rest while kyngedoms pass away.
And ever will it silent witness beare
In praise of "Ninety six" who placed it there



3. Sanford seems to be cultivating a grand lumination on the end of his nose.

4. C. & E. I. train service delayed to-night. An engineer thought Sanford's red light was a danger signal.

6. Sanborn starts a mustache.

7. Sanford commenced to drink H_2O (for medicinal purposes only).

9. Beebe remonstrates with "Nick," with telling effect on his shop mark.

12. Dr. Mees informs the Juniors that it looks suspicious for a student to appear Monday morning in his "go to meeting" clothes.

13. An eminent lecturer of the Farmer's Alliance, under the inspiration of Terre Haute distillery products, assists Prof. Hathaway in making the recitation for the Sophs extremely interesting.

15. Sanford's nose returns to its natural state. The H_2O cure was out of sight.

19. By the application of the theory of limits Sanborn finds his mustache has grown by an infinitesimal increment.

20. Examinations over. Impromptu dance at Bindley's hall.

22. Exodus from the land of bondage.

24. Prof. McCormick joins the order of Benedicts.

Facts Plainy Told.

The class of '96 enrolls 30 men, who are divided among the four courses of the Institute as follows: In Electrical Engineering, 20; Civil Engineering, 6; Chemistry, 4, and Mechanical Engineering, none. The average age of the class is 21.1 years. The youngest man is Mr. O. G. Rice of Indianapolis, Ind., who is stemming the current of college life at the tender age of eighteen winters. Mr. O. E. McMeans, of Richmond, is the oldest in the class, age 25 years.

The average weight of the class is 146 pounds. Mr. F. T. Green of Oskaloosa, Iowa, is our heavyweight champion, weighing 172 pounds. Mr. B. F. Failey, of Indianapolis easily takes the light weight honors at 125.

The average height of the class is 5 feet and 9 inches. Mr. R. W. Beebe, of Sidney, Ohio, has the distinction of being the tallest man. His altitude is 6 feet, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Mr. Linus Sanford, Jr., of Jackson, Mo., lightly bears the honors of being the shortest man in the class, his measure is 5 feet, 4 inches, with full head of hair.

Seven men wear spectacles; the remaining twenty-three can see a point without them.

Thirteen use tobacco in some form, one man uses it only to keep the moths out of his text books.

Mr. E. B. Harris claims the honor of having the largest foot. With regard to the size we refuse to make any statements, but refer the reader to Holliday & Wyon, Wholesale Leather Dealers, Indianapolis.

Only four of the class are the proud possessors of that coveted adornment, a mustache.

Mr. I. M. L. Werk, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was voted the handsomest man in the class, with Mr. Harris an easy second.

The class represents eight states, viz.: Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Alabama and Minnesota.

Only one man confesses that he is engaged, while twenty-nine claim to be still on the market.

Twenty-two of the class frankly admit having been in love, and one young man distinctly remembers of having experienced this delightful sensation twenty-two times.

Six men hold state college records.

'96 was represented on the college foot ball team by five men.

Four of the class claim to have been married! Don't believe them, girls.

Of the sixty-seven men who composed the class in September, 1892, only twenty-four remain.

Twenty-two play tennis (one of these says he only plays love games), and eight do not indulge in this festive sport.

Fourteen have "bucked" hieronymous, fourteen have not, and two refuse to testify.

Twenty-two believe in the distribution of public lands and eight are seriously opposed to it. One fellow thinks most people should get about six feet.

Eighteen of the class ride bicycles (most of them only ride when some one is fool enough to lend them a wheel), and twelve locomote in the orthodox manner.

Fourteen are fond of limburger cheese. Mr. Van Auken enthusiastically declares he could live on it.

None of the class ever played golf except under the name of "shinny."

Only two have crossed the ocean, but all are going to the Paris Exposition in 1900.

Two of the class can not swim (in water). The remaining twenty-eight are regular "fish."

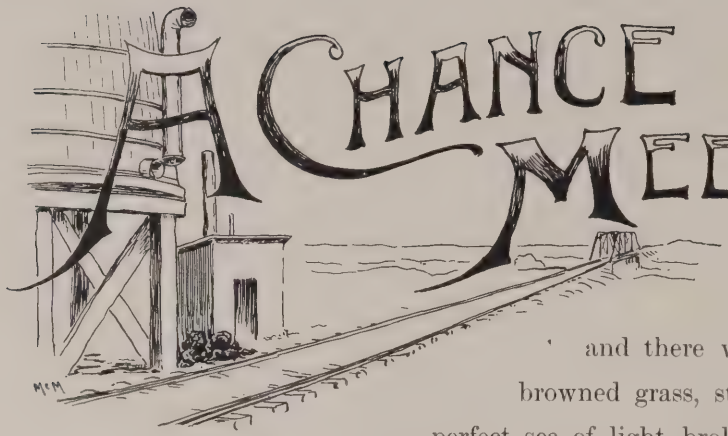
Six are guilty of being amateur photographers, and another has symptoms of becoming one.

Seven expect to take post graduate courses, as follows: One at Rose, one in Germany, one at the Normal, two at the High School, and two at a matrimonial school.

Twenty-one of the class dance and nine are too tired. Meadows can only dance the Sioux dances, with war whoop accompaniment.

NAME.	ABODE.	GENERAL DESCRIPTION.	NOM DE PLUME.	FAVORITE PASTIME.	BEVERAGE.	MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.	AIM IN LIFE.
R. W. Beebe.	Sidney, O.	*Le longue garçon.*	Sliver.	Attending the Races.	Ayer's Sarsaparilla.	Viola.	Minister.
W. E. Burk.	Richmond.	Commanding.	Manager.	Whist.	Chloride of Lime Cocktail.	Blow Pipe.	Druggist.
U. U. Carr.	Terre Haute.	Comic.	The Boy Wonder.	Rolling the Bones	Coffin Varnish.	Horse Fiddle.	Moulder.
W. L. Decker.	Evansville.	Stately.	Ward McAllister.	Boating.	H_2O ???	Snare Drum.	To Run.
B. F. Failey.	Indianapolis.	Captivating.	Eli Thompson.	The Light Fantastic.	Half and Half.	Hurdy Gurdy.	Play Billiards.
J. Farrington	Terre Haute.	Obliging	Jamie.	Tennis.	Milk of Human Kindness.	Cymbals.	To Control the Railroads.
F. T. Green.	Oskaloosa, Ia	Tired.	Henry Ward Beecher.	Reading.	Adam's Ale.	Corn Stalk Fiddle.	Perchance to Dream.
E. B. Harris.	Indianapolis.	Happy go Lucky.	Bill.	Gamboling on the Green.	Lime Water. A Hard Drink.	Oboe.	To Beat Old Hi.
C. H. Holderman.	Huntsville, Ill.	Motherly.	Pop.	Fishing.	"Bichloride" of Gold.	Cornet.	To Create an Impression.
F. G. Hunt.	Cincinnati, O.	Reserved	Edison.	Loafing.	Iced Tea.	Flute.	Has None.
P. W. Klinger.	Greenville, O.	Jovial.	Pete.	Feeding.	"Esquimaux."	Mouth Organ.	To Learn to Ride a Bicycle.
W. J. Klinger.	Greenville, O.	Assured.	Squire.	Cycling.	Cycle Oil.	Cycle Horn.	To be a second "Zimmy."
H. T. Liggett.	Louisville, Ky.	Innocent	Beau Brummel.	Breaking Dates.	Tomato Soup.	Mandolin.	A Pretty Girl. A Summer Night.
E. H. Light.	Dayton, O.	Sporty.	Ragsby de Jaggs.	Tiddleywinks.	Root Beer.	Push Horn.	To Hold Four of a Kind.
H. J. McDargh.	Dayton, O.	Bold.	McD.	Checkers.	Bromo Seltzer.	Ophicleide.	Laundryman.

O. E. McMeans.	Richmond.	Sedate.	McDuff.	Wickersham Veränderungs-folgen.	Redistilled Pump Juice, 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ Pure.	Piccolo.	Photographer.
H. H. Meadows.	Evansville.	See Smith.	Just plain "Harve"	Pushing the Pen.	*Vin de la Vache.*	The Lyre.	Editor.
R. Meriwether.	Louisville, Ky.	Out the Night Before.	Dick.	Chasing the Duck.	Old Ky.	Hand Organ.	To Own a Brewery.
B. D. O'Brien.	St. Peters, Minn.	Old.	Barry.	Prize Fighting, 35 minute rounds.	Anything that bites and scratches.	Fish Horn.	The Stage.
H. T. Paterson.	Newport, Ky.	A Masher.	Pat.	Flirting.	Be_2R	Voice.	To Raise a Mustache
O. G. Rice.	Indianapolis.	From "Old Vienna."	Svenghali.	Thinking of Trilby.	Antitoxine Serum.	Glockenspiel.	To Reach Out.
C. M. Ridgely.	Galesburg, Ill.	Cute.	Tip.	Chewing the Rag.	Dew Drop Sour.	Kazoo.	To Explain How It Was.
W. R. Sanborn.	Rockford, Ill.	Knowing.	Ezra.	Quaternions.	Same as a Horse	Bazoo.	"Mathematician."
L. Sanford, Jr.	Jackson, Mo.	Sad.	Shorty.	Resting.	Soda with a Spike.	Bones.	Orator.
F. F. Sinks.	Troy, O.	Lazy.	Ulysses.	Sleeping in Class	Cod Liver Oil.	Bagpipe.	To Take it Easy.
F. E. Smith.	Birmingham, Ala.	Learned.	Alabama Coon.	Smiling from the Grand Stand.	He's from the South, sah.	Pipe.	To be a Boss.
J. M. Van Auken	Terre Haute.	Sporty.	Skeet.	Seriously opposed to Exertion.	Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.	Slot Machine.	Same as Hunt.
E. Walser.	Terre Haute.	Dreamy.	Wandering Willie.	Staying out Late.	C_2H_5OH	Tambourine.	Laundryman.
I. M. L. Werk.	Cincinnati, O.	Dudish.	Mike.	Breaking the Bookies.	Beer.	Violin.	To Find Out How it Was.
G. E. Wells.	Terre Haute.	Smiling.	Lang-bein.	Pulling Wires.	Me too.	Rheostat.	Motorman.



A Chance Meeting

A SANDY waste, covered here and there with patches of sun-browned grass, stretched away into a perfect sea of light, broken only by the half green, half brown foliage of the trees which occasionally marked the course of the winding creek. A sultry south wind aided the scorching rays of an August sun in almost smothering the vitality of all nature. The prairie dogs renounced their accustomed pleasure of barking at nothing in particular, the cacti drooped and shriveled, while the mountains in the far distance appeared to dance through the all-consuming heat. The tranquility of the scene was stupefying, and yet the monotony was maddening. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the distant rumble of a freight train, which rattled and banged over the rails, and, at last, with squeaking brakes and hissing steam stopped at the isolated pumping station. After a few jerks back and forth the engine came to a standstill before the water tank, and as the water rushed into the tender the fireman threw a chunk of coal upon the roof of the pump house, yelling "Get out of there, Weary!" Weary slowly appeared in the doorway, yawning and stretching.

"Hullo, Weary, its a wonder you wouldn't sleep in that old bunk all the time," said the brakeman. Weary smiled sadly, lazily climbed upon a coal car and rolled off a few lumps to keep up steam during the afternoon. "What the thunder is this," called the brakeman. "By Jupiter, fellows, if here ain't a beaut bum, I never saw one. Get off that bumper you lazy lout. Great Scott! pity you

didn't get a shave and a hair cut under some car wheel a goin' like greased lightnin'."

A thin, ragged, bedraggled figure crept down from the bumper. He wrinkled up the end of his roman nose, changed his quid of tobacco to the other side, and after depositing a generous mouthful of juice upon the end of a tie, struck an attitude of importance and said in a husky voice, "Gentlemen, I am making my annual inspection of the southern railroads."

"That's all right," remarked the conductor, "you can inspect the road a blamed sight better if you walk."

The train pulled out, leaving Weary and the tramp looking sorrowfully at the lumps of coal. "Say, pard," said the tramp huskily, "seems to me I've seen you somewhere."

"Well, maybe you have."

"But say, pard, what's yer name."

"What's it to you," said Weary, now removing his eyes from the chunks of coal to rest them upon the tramp for the first time. "Well, if it ain't Shaneberger!" he exclaimed, grasping the tramp's hand; "I knew you just as soon as I layed eyes on you," he continued.

"Well, I thought it looked like old Wiggins, but all them whiskers kind er threw me off the track."

Their dilapidated appearances did not disturb their mutual happiness. They had been class mates, room mates and close friends; need one wonder at their joy of meeting after a separation of ten years. They sat down on two lumps of coal which had rolled into the shade of the water tank and began to look each other over carefully, with glistening eyes and smiling countenances. "Where 're you goin', Shanny?" asked Weary, having feasted his eyes sufficiently.

"Just goin' down the road to hunt a job. You know that place I had--drafts-

man. Be blamed if I wasn't chump enough to quit that because I thought I could find a better one, and I've been huntin' for a job ever since."

"Why, you ain't much worse off than me, sittin' down running a shack like this in the middle of a desert," remarked Wiggins, consolingly. "You remember that pozish I had on the A., T. & S. F.—resident engineer? I got ousted from that, and since then have been holding first one job and then another, till I'm now 'division engineer on the N. M. & S., Hardwater Creek, N. M.,' as I had it put in the school catalogue. This is my division from here down to the creek crossing." They laughed at their misfortunes. "But it ain't so darned funny after all, Shanny."

"We ain't the only ones," replied Shanny lightly. "I hung out in Kansas City all last winter, and I wrote to Crockwell. I've got his answer here, right with me. Its all dirty in spots, so you'd better let me read it to you. This is dated at Terre Haute, April 12, 1907."

"'DEAR SHANNY:—I was wondering the other day what had become of you. I am glad you are doing so well in Kansas City. My business is pretty good just now, as we have had an awfully unhealthy winter and spring.'"

"Oh, well, let's find where he writes about the fellers. He hops on you the very first," said Shanny, and he read:

"'Wiggins must be doing well for the last catalogue says—'"

The old chums stopped to laugh. "Good joke, but it made me bum a long way for nothin'," and Shanny smoothed the few long whiskers on his chin as he recalled the kicks and cuffs he had received during the journey.

"'There are a few fellows back in Terre Haute. Troxler broke his leg in a foot ball game after he graduated, he came back here and bought out that man who used to run a pop corn stand on the corner of Seventh and Main. McTaggart, you remember, became infatuated with a young lady of the Normal, and being connected with that school through family ties and affection's bonds he accepted a second instructorship in the chemical laboratory. I am afraid it is only a bottle washing job, however. The girls of Coates College could not get along without Mundy so the faculty down there got him to coach the Coates athletic

team. Quite a nice place I understand. Bigelow, the man who entered our class in the senior year, now has charge of the Episcopal church in Maxville. I heard that Tuller had opened up a dancing school in some town north of here. I believe his wife has to take in boarders though to keep him in dancing pumps. I wrote to Burtis not long since and if his letter contains any news will let you know. My wife wishes to be remembered to you. Yours hastily,

CROCKWELL.' "

"He's married? It don't take much guessin' to know who she was. What's old Crockie—that's his nickname, ain't it—what's Crockie doing that he's so busy, undertaker?" asked Weary.

"No, he got the Wizard Oil agency for Vigo county."

"Wholesale or retail?"

"Well, I guess not. He's peddlin'; got a nigger and a banjo, sings a song himself and works the country in good shape. So he wrote to Burtis! I'd like to know what Burtis will have to say. He's a Catholic priest now, runnin' an Indian mission down in the Territory."

"He used to look like he'd make a good priest," and Weary gave one of his old time guffaws over his recollections.

"He was missionaryin' for the Methodists somewhere amongst the redskins, but they run him out because he kept stealin' harness," continued Shanny.

"It seems like you've kept track of a good many of the boys."

"I should say. I haven't been all over the country for nothin'."

"Well, who was the man who used to walk along like he was getting up a sermon? Wade, I believe, isn't he preaching too?"

It was Shanny's turn to laugh. "I saw him last fall at Gravesend. He was a book maker and was sportin' a diamond as big as the one Anderson used to spring on us."

"Is that so? That beats my time. What's Anderson doin'?"

"Oh, Cliff's out in the western part of this state squattin' on a claim and waitin' for rain."

"Good thing he never drank much water. He'd die out there if he had."

"That's about right too! He used to run with that Louisville gang."

"What about all that crowd?"

"Let's see, I am gettin' mixed up on 'em. It's been a long time since we were at the old Poly. Troxler and Mundy I told you about. Let's see who else was in the crowd. Oh, yes, Robinson and Miller. They've got a good thing. Miller is running a Keeley cure, and Robinson is a temperance lecturer and drumming up trade for Miller. But Speed! I don't know anything about him except that he's been married three or four times."

"I'll tell you who has got a good job," said Wiggins solemnly, "if he's still at it. I have forgotten his name though. He used to play center field on the team."

"Brown?"

"Yes. I ran across him one day in Denver about a year ago. He was workin' with one of Edison's ideas."

"Whew!"

"He was workin' a kinetoscope and sellin' electric belts and insoles as a side issue. He told me at the time that Phillips was workin' in his brother-in-law's livery stable, and Darst was running a threshing machine up in Dakota and studying electricity at night. Just like old Darst, ain't it?"

"Let's see, I thought I had seen some of the other fellows," Shanny mumbled, as he bit off another chew. "Crowe is workin' for Yerkes of Chicago. Motorman on the Blue Island avenue line I believe. And I saw 'Kid' Craver. He's makin' artificial eggs and workin' an incubator. You ought to see him watchin' those eggs from around the corner of his specs, for he can't tell yet whether they'll hatch out chickens or geese."

Wiggins' memories of the "Kid" again awoke his mirth, which suddenly subsid-

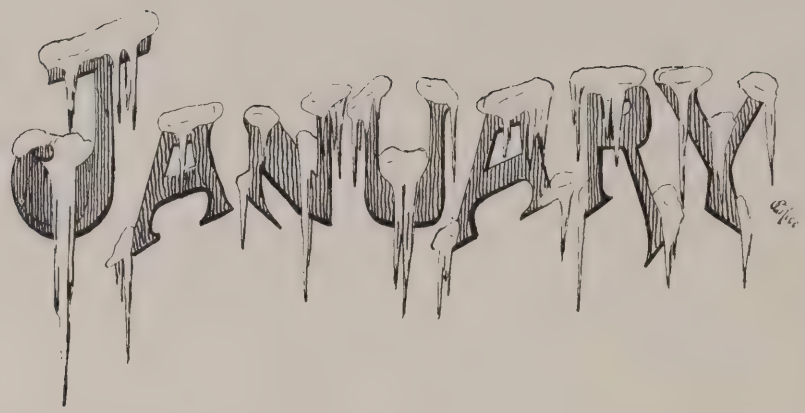
ed as he caught a glimpse of curling smoke in the far distance. "Come on, old man, I've got to get up steam for here comes the passenger. I am 'doing well' you know, and I don't want to get boosted off my 'division.' You kin bunk with me till you get tired of the wilderness, but I'll make you work for your grub, so just help me yank this coal into the lean-to."

Shanny cheerfully complied, and the two old cronies, each carrying a lump of coal, disappeared into the comparative darkness of the pump house.

A Skin Game.

Green grass once waved o'er our tennis courts,
  But the boys were not satisfied,
With labor great they skinned off the turf,
  Then skinned the ball diamond beside.

Next move was to skin the running track,
  Thus add to the campus' looks,
And now to keep the skin game going
  We get horribly skinned buying books.



3. Smith swears off smoking and bids his room-mate lock up his pipe for three days.
4. Smith swears on and on and on.
7. Sinks and O'Brien start to dancing school.
9. Skating at Kennedy's pond.
10. Arn tries the effect of caustic soda on his eyes, and Dr. Ballard advises him to use sulphuric acid.
12. Camera Club organized.
14. Burk and Crowe go rabbit hunting.
15. Bob-sled parties.
16. Beebe coasts down the entrance steps.
17. Failey and Miller figure in a runaway.
19. Mundy pays $1.50 street car fare for Coates College girls and then leaves the girls with the transfers in his pocket.
20. Thermometer 20° below zero. Paterson is seen at school with a fan in his pocket; Meadows goes home bareheaded.
22. Prof. Hathaway introduces the differential Hathaway.
23. Meadows indulges in a cigar at a meeting of The Technic board.
26. Dr. Mees shows some living pictures.
24. Tobacco chewers wonderfully increased in numbers; samples given away at the gate.
28. Rice hesitates about answering Prof. Wickersham's question, "*Qui aimez-vous?*"
29. Juniors have their profiles taken.
30. Sanborn shaves his mustache.
31. Unaccountable failure of electric lights in Physical lecture room.

Don't.

Don't forget to discard your cigar on entering the campus.

Don't fail to appreciate your professors' jokes.

Don't use the comb and brush in the wash room; it is the Janitor's.

Don't circumnavigate the building on your wheel except in a direction of positive rotation.

Don't "quibble" with the professor.

Don't enter a recitation room recently occupied by the Sophomores until it be first thoroughly disinfected.

Don't expectorate on the grass.

Don't be as noisy walking in the library as R. R. Conductor Simon.

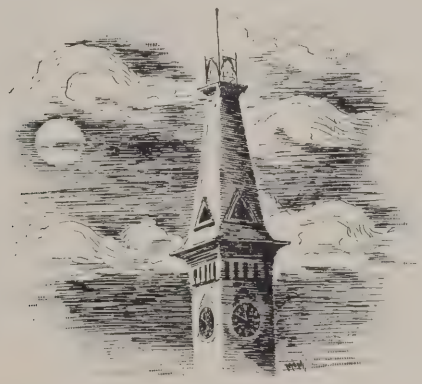
Don't come to classes on Monday morning, wearing your Sunday clothes.

Don't appear incredulous when your professor explains his inability to adjust a galvanometer, by announcing a magnetic storm on the sun.

Don't forget to attend chapel exercises.

Don't be an oyster, but pay your athletic dues.

Don't decorate the tower on Halloween.



FACULTY DEN

THE CHAPEL

COAL RAILWAY

THE BOULDER

A New Student's Reception.

"Here, officer! For goodness sake come out here quick, here's a great crowd of ruffians all jumping on one fellow and fairly pounding the life out of him."

Such was the intelligence brought the union depot policeman one bright September day just after the arrival of the 2:01 train from the east. The officer hurried to the scene and then turned to the well meaning informant with the words: "You're a numskull, that's no fight, that's a crowd of Polytechnic students welcoming a new comer."

On going nearer and listening one could resolve the clamor into something like the following:

"I tell you, young fellow, if you expect to go to school here you'll have to hunt up a good hash house and this card will direct you to the best there is."

"That's right, the Columbine Laundry——"

"Oh, get out, you leather head. Don't be buncoed, my friend, there ain't nobody in the business but Hunt——"

"New student, eh? Well, shake hands; I represent the Y. M.——"

"We've started a bureau of information this year, here's a list of rooms for rent, full prices, etc., and if there is anything I can do for——"

"Got your boarding house yet?"

"Why, this gentleman just gave me a card."

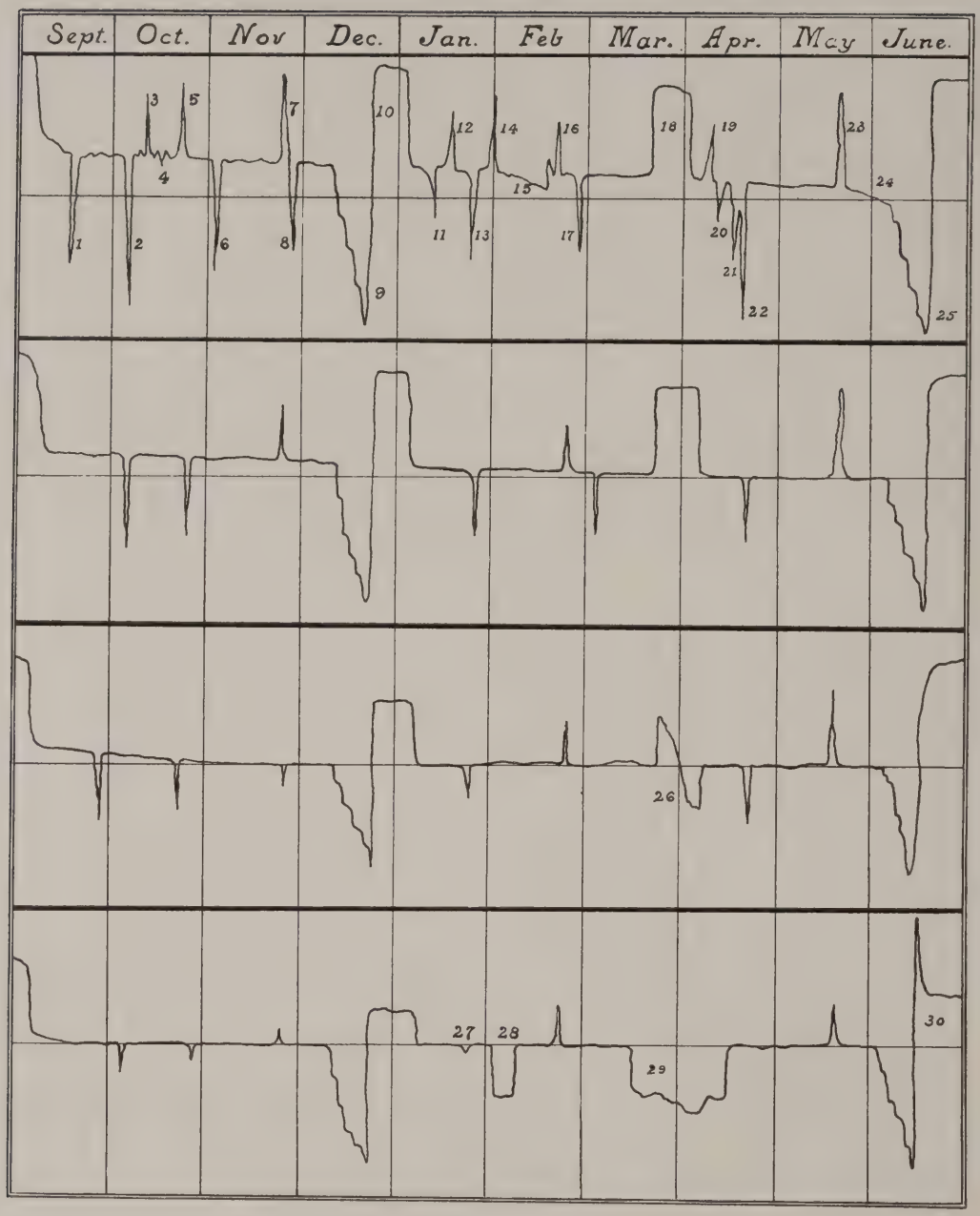
"Man alive, if you went there they'd starve you to death within a week. Gimme the card; here, take this one, go there and get something you can eat."

"Take these laundry slips, all you have to do is——"

"Yes, and all you have to do is to chase yourself, nobody wants to talk laundry now. Let me show the gentleman the lunch counter, and then we'll go hunt up a room for him."

"Wall, I swow! I didn't expect to be so cordially received; much obliged to you all, but I must get some dinner now, and then I don't mind goin' round with you. How many are there in the Normal this year? Is old Prof.——!——?"

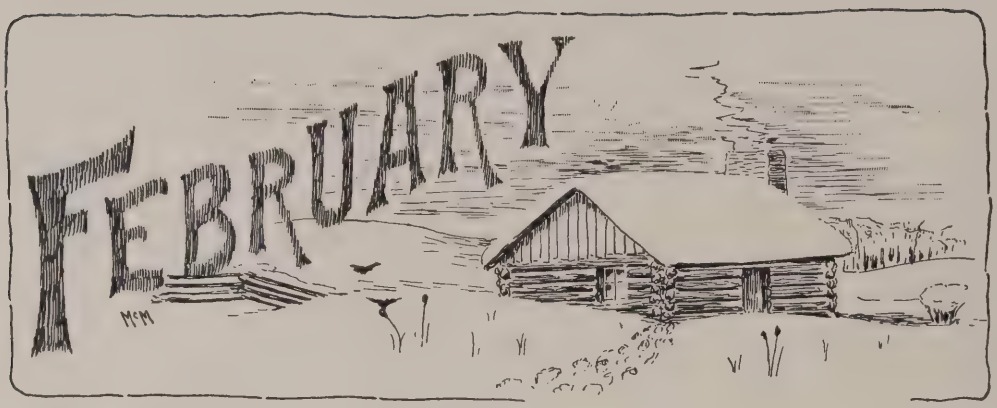
But he was talking to empty air, his solicitous friends had vanished.

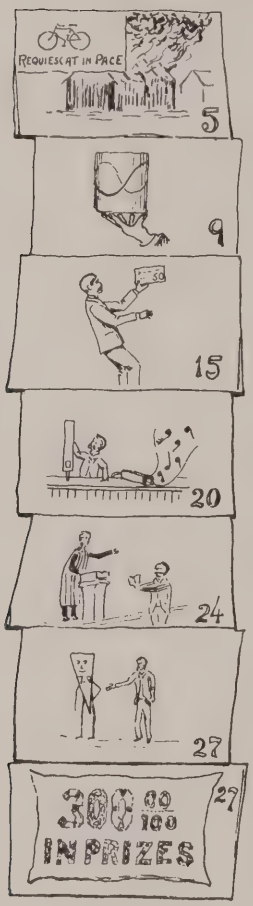

Sept.
Oct.
Nov
Dec.
Jan.
Feb
Mar.
Apr.
May
June.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30

The Polypathograph.

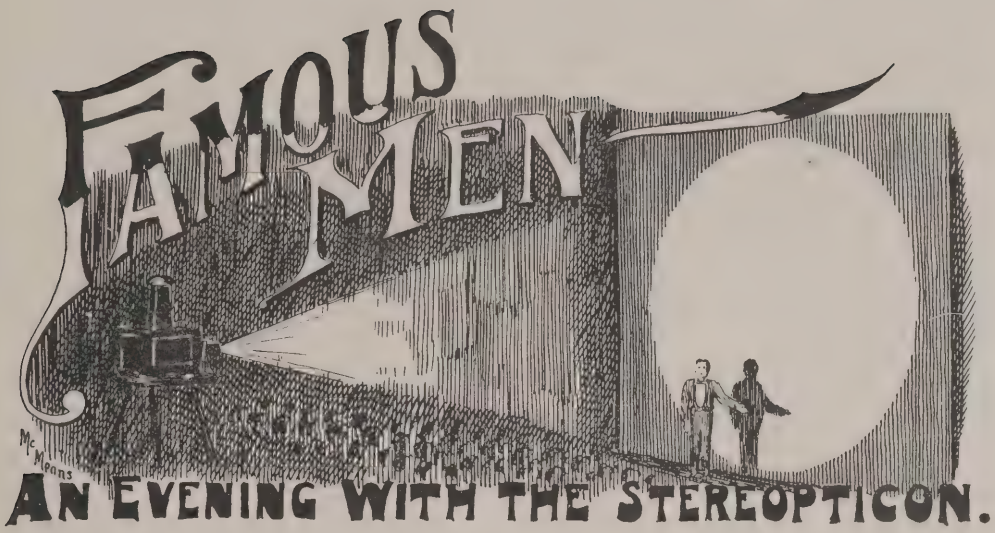
The accompanying sheet is taken from an automatic "Polypathograph," which is designed to record the elation or depression of a student's spirits. The curve begins with a very high value due to an excess of unexploded ambition, but towards the end of the month settles to an approximate normal value. [2] is the first noticeable negative value, and the records show that at that time the patient had endured three consecutive "quizzes;" two in mathematics and one in language. As the quick recovery of the normal value is typical of all fluctuations, it is only a corroboration of the "Fickleness of man." There is a great similarity in the curve for each consecutive year during December, March and June, owing to examinations. The high values are due to the Holidays. In March of the Junior year, the reading differs somewhat from the Sophomore and Freshman years since the vacation was spent in Terre Haute. For the Seniors, the vacation was lost in thesis work. Another noticeable feature is the general gradation of values, which during the first two years gradually approach the zero or line of indifferent values, and in the latter two remains at almost constant indifference. Especially is this noticeable in the monthly "quiz" depression, the last one of sufficient magnitude to be recorded being No. 27. The readings for the Freshman year being by far the most fluctuant, a tabulated account of the important variations is given below.

1. First day in the shops, pretty tired.
3. Gets on the football team.
4. Breaks his nose in a football game.
5. Reception at Coates College.
7. Thanksgiving dinner and box from home.
8. Effects of box.
11. After vacation—has been at R. P. I. one week and hasn't heard from "her" yet.
12. A Terre Haute girl appears enchanting.
13. Cuts his finger on the buzz saw.
14. Terre Haute girl sympathizes.
15. Spends money on Terre Haute girl. Gradual decline on account of shortage in finances till he receives a draft.
16. Banquet.
19. Cuts recitations for one afternoon to see ball game at the park.
20. Interview with the President on account of unexcused absences.
23. Field Day. Poly wins the pennant.
24. Begins to realize the approach of examinations.



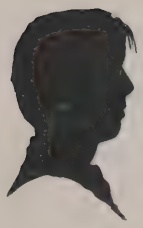


1. Prof. Place lectures to the Juniors for four hours; general exhaustion but no fatalities.
2. Dr. Mees investigates for lost books with Parkhurstian persistency.
4. Telegraph Association organized.
5. Prof. Noyes' barn and historical bicycle burned.
7. Mandolin Club organized.
9. Prof. Hathaway drinks to our health „von dem wohlbekannten Becher."
13. Dr. Mees instructs Prof. Hathaway and the Juniors in harmonic curve tracing.
15. Robinson paralyzed by a $50 subscription to the gymnasium fund.
17. Paterson, P. W. Klinger and Burk go to church.
18. The Janitor buys a new hat.
20. Organ recital by Dr. Mees, one pipe at a time. The Doctor's faith in the utter perversity of inanimate things strengthened.
21. Sophomore banquet. Great hostilities at the Terre Haute.
22. Liggett is seen in a barber shop. Spring is coming.
23. Shaver—"Professor, how do they color the air in an air thermometer so it can be read?" (Shaver evidently has not been in the vicinity when Roger is studying quaternions, or he would know the air assumes an azure hue.)
24. Dr. Ballard and Bigelow '95 conduct services at Episcopal church.
25. Louis Werk gives information concerning wild flowers and mushrooms.
26. Dr. Mees explains loss of light in passing through an electric light globe.
27. Prof. Hathaway introduces "nabla."
27. "Midway" gang count pins in Hunter's big cushion.



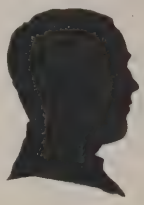
Ladies and Gentlemen:—By special request of the clergy of the city, I will present to you this evening my series of views, "Some Famous Men of the Nineteenth Century."

The collection is intended not only to contain the great men of any one particular phase of human greatness, but to include the greatest and most remarkable characters of the age, representatives of all grades, shades and variations of social, moral and political activities. Some of them are great because of their extraordinary talent and natural gifts, some famous for their beauty, some great because of the broad expanse of latent possibilities spreading out before them, and by whom the achievement of great things is a future fact. Others there be, who are great simply because of their greatness. These "slides" have been secured at a considerable expenditure of time, money and patience, and as the series now stands it is the most complete collection of monstrosities extant. A few were kindly loaned me, which I am under heavy bond to return to the International Rogues Gallery.

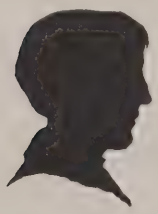


The first view will introduce to you the Rt. Hon. Harry J. McDargh, one of the representatives of the great commonwealth of Ohio, chief plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary of The Snow Ball Laundrying Co. His early days were spent in the nursery, and for many years thereafter he was well known at home. Many are the enterprises in which he has figured, and these figures remain unto this day, a fit monument to his merits, safely in the repose of spacious waste baskets.

But I shall not waste your indulgence on this subject, as better ones are to follow. For instance, here we have the man of destiny. 'Tis the champion all-around heavyweight. The extravagance of that neck has only been approached by Jack Dempsey and a few others. This celebrity is denominated Richard Meriwether, who for years has been wasting energy and expending fortunes on the "distribution of the public lands," but since the erection of the new distillery he has given up the work into the hands of some other Kentucky gentlemen. His style of trousers is very popular in small towns, and the dexterity with which he presses his own suit, has caused the hearts of many of Terre Haute's fair ones to fluctuate.



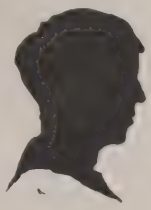
But, let me call your attention to the face now presented on the screen. To preface a little, will say it is a face, and a face, too, well known to Nast and many critics of high art. It belongs in fee simple to Robert W. Beebe, who has traveled considerably on its merits. This gentleman has made some remarkable strides in great pedestrial tournaments to catch eight o'clock recitations, and for one so immature there seems to be time yet for maturity. One characteristic so peculiar to this individual is his conservation of energy, which renders him very scientific indeed. It is believed by some that he possesses a latent energy of motion akin to known varieties, but as yet, no trustworthy evidence has been obtained to establish the phenomenon.



And now we have the spider leg, P. W. Klinger, *alias* "Pete." His first achievement in the way of cycling was the collection of his very complete library of wheel catalogues, and recently, through assistance of friends, he has obtained a cheap fifty pound wheel. He loafs around race tracks, and can always be expected to be first in the line at some time in a handicap race—at least 400 yards in advance of the scratch man at time of starting. He insists that the sun dial must be used in taking his time, arguing that the division of minutes is not necessary, and that the rigid adherence of the sun to cyclical laws since the time of Joshua makes it the only chronometer fitting his style of riding. He came out almost second at a meet of the Lost Creek Township Wheelmen's Club, and as a prize received a quart of navy beans and was promptly voted an honorary member of that august body.

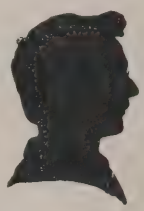
The image now before you, although somewhat out of focus, is a fair likeness of Sir Barrington O'Brien. Mistake him not for the O'Brien so frequently mentioned in the annals of "Puck." This gentleman is the only living exponent of his style of the terpsichorean art, and, for one of so tender age, the social world is much indebted to him. One of his notable characteristics is his insatiable and incomprehensible passion for sweet potatoes, which has seriously affected the market on divers occasions. His duties as resident denizen of St. Paul, Minn., were so fatiguing to his sense of pleasure and his general sporting qualities, that he was obliged for a few seasons to remove to the Rose Polytechnic Institute and other summer resorts.

Perhaps the best known and most easily recognized of these characters is the one now before you, whose name has become a household word, with his father and mother, since his recent performances in the grand opera given at the Congregational church. It is the only Elzie—Elzie B. Harris. He has been a student of aero-dynamics for many years and is now enabled, on a specially constructed oboe with long finger

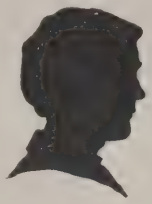


reach, to produce tones touching in intensity and beautiful in imagination. A much to be desired quality of his music is that the merit varies inversely as the square of the distance. He is also a natural born trombone artist, his thin lips being specially designed to produce volume and density—principally volume.

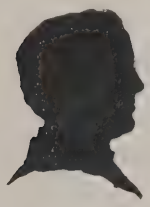
Again we have a face, at least a facial pretense. The slide for this profile was made in Germany, and is the best that could be obtained at the time. This face, however, serves very well the purpose of a back-ground for a pair of gold rimmed spectacles and an exceedingly deliquescent mustache owned by Oscar Guido Rice. His debut into society was effected with a slight "away-from-home" expression and some disappointed feelings at the Coates College observatory. The earth trembled a fraction of a second, Venus made a rapid retreat to a safe position near Jupiter, and the Terre Haute Gazette was issued as usual the following afternoon. The present mollified condition of his heart strings necessitates a short time exposure and exceeding care must be exercised with the plate, so I will pass on. But this negative on the contrary, will bear the most intense light, as it is case hardened and warranted not to crack with a time exposure. If you will shade your eyes and bear with me a few moments, I am done with him. It is the famous Harvey H. Meadows, the literary fanatic and all-around contortionist. He can spend more philosophy on thin air than an ounce of pure pepsin can digest. According to his own diary, he is a well read man, and claims to have done some work himself, and is now working, I believe, on the second revised edition of his index to Webster's unabridged dictionary. This promises to eclipse any of his former works, among which are to be mentioned his volumes of gas. His clearness of thought, which is almost transparent, is remarked upon by all who have ever heard him think, which thing he does occasionally in a thoughtless manner. It is said when book houses receive his works that they reluctantly, never part with them. It should also be mentioned incidentally, that he is a prominent figure-head on "The Technic" board.



Next we have an unique lantern effect representing E. Walser, Professor of Alchemy. In his profession he professes much. His work in the labratory has necessarily been confined within its walls and to the concentration of water for medicinal purposes. He has been keeping the scientific world in suspense for a long time awaiting his achievements, and I really think he is carrying the joke too far. One on whom the world is so dependent should realize his responsibility. In the summer season he does a pushing business with the lawn mower and in the winter he sleeps about four months.

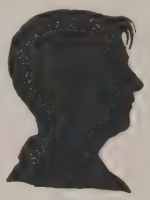


To those who are unacquainted with the celebrities of the world of beauty, I will call your special attention to the coming man. I refer to Walter L. Decker. He was imported from somewhere in the vicinity of Evansville, where for many years his natural beauty was given all the time and opportunity for development which the commons of that town could afford. The luxuriant expanse of his brow and the salient prominence of his upper lip are both evidence of the deep humility which his shoved in short nose feels of its embarrassing position. His extensive volumes on "The Necessity of Proper Street Etiquette and Correct Cane Manipulation" are valuable, and can be found in almost any barber shop. At present he is conducting a large class in the theory of carriage in pedestrial walking, the class composed chiefly of himself. In the line of beauty, his only rival is the inimitable Bruce F. Failey, whose likeness now appears. The beauty of this specimen is mostly concealed; however, a trace can be noticed cropping out in his nasal rotundity. His curly locks are usually curled, and his patent leather shoes are always polished. He can be seen almost any evening in the vicinity of Seventh and Sycamore streets, where he is wont to hide himself from the curious world. His horsemanship is phenomenal, and much has been said of his ability at driving with the reins tied to the dashboard.



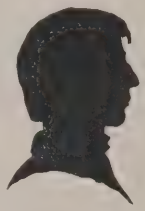
Look at this one cautiously, and not too long at a time. It is J. Milton Van

Auken of accelerated notoriety, whose face is so often seenon 'change. His reputation is well worn, but has been repainted and varnished and looks about as good as new. He will invariably bet on four aces, and can guess the correct number of pins in a cushion. Is now taking lessons at billiards and is a hopeful student. If he could only spare the time he would soon learn the game. His tutor at present is Chauncey H. Holderman, whose likeness will at this moment be thrown upon the curtain. He is the author of several books on five ball billiards, is said to practice an obscure and as yet undefined single cushion carom shot, and holds the championship of the tenth ward. In his line he is far in advance of those behind him, and is in fact, a leader of his followers. He is a man one would not soon forget, as his acquaintance is permanently established with all whom he has ever succeeded in negotiating a loan.



Here again is a treat. Did some one in the audience say it was Queen Victoria?

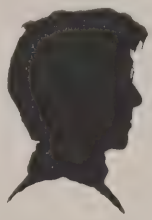
No, that is the Hon. Linus Sanford, Jr., a member of the gang, and well known throughout his precinct. His capacity for knowing a good thing when he sees it is only equalled by the facility with which he bets on the wrong horse. As a thoroughbred sport he is unrivaled, and at many times his delicate stature has been threatened with destruction by the want of confidence shown by admiring friends at his far-fetched play of tactics. The deep installation of head over shoulders is quite sufficient to insure his genial nature, of which all the small boys are well aware. He is an international orator of some note—usually promissory; but in oratory he is excelled by his only superior, a star of the fourth magnitude, who now possesses the space on our screen. Some of you perhaps recognize him as Clarence M. Ridgely—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, whose agitation of the sound waves are noted on all occasions, his notes being rich in



high C. His stops are exquisite, causing his auditors to appreciate and long for their repetition, and he deftly intertwines his dialect with astonishing frequency when others have the floor. The circumlocution which he practices has never been attempted except by Charles Dickens in his literary efforts. For many years his charms remained unknown under his flowing foot ball locks in a small Illinois village, while all the time the villain still pursued his favorite game—marbles. Let all thanks be given to the gymnasium director who with patience has provided for the world in the person of this youth an ambitious anyway-to-get-the-game foot ball freak. He has sworn eternal allegiance to himself, and will stand behind his face, yea, even unto death, a martyr to the cause.

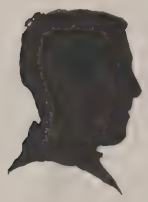
And now, ladies and gentlemen, this slide is really a case of wasted fragrance on the desert atmosphere; it represents, however, the extent to which nature occasionally distorts even the first principles of art. It is, nevertheless, a true likeness of W. E. Burk and his hair—principally hair, on which he claims there is filed no mortgage. He has in his time done exhaustive work in the endeavor to correct some of the natural disfigurations of his exceedingly opaque countenance. The chief trouble seems to be an outward expansion of the head, for which his associates have suggested the application of a steel band. With the exception of a single freckle on the front side of his face, obliterating his fair complexion from the right nostril to the left ear, his face would make an excellent backstop for a base ball park, as it would successfully stop the swiftest balls. As a critic of theatricals he is away up, usually in the second gallery, and his presence has been known to bring the curtain down.

Here appears the image of Wallis R. Sanborn, a personage of suspicious character and unsophisticated tranquility. He is a stockholder and general manager of everything in sight, and, according to his edition, sole executor of the vast domain. He can be seen almost any day, hands in gloves and hat well filled with head, and any information can be had by perusing him, although the coarseness of the print is tiresome



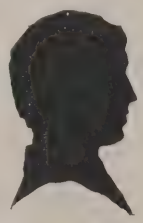
in the extreme. If he were substantially bound, for a vest pocket lexicon he would sell readily at 25 cents per copy. He has ruined the reputation of several mind readers, as they at once read that he knows everything, and they thereby made a fatal mistake. The straight up-and-downness of his profile is in decided contrast to his character, which is as yet in a nebulous condition, and of which very little is known.

But, allow me to digress a little. The subject now before you calls for digression. This pastry-faced specimen is the best that could be secured by a snap-shot, and as it is quite suggestive, my modesty bids me refrain from just comments.



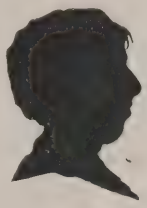
To those who are not subscribers to the "Police Gazette," allow me to explain that it is the noted Harry T. Paterson. He is a professional base ball player, and never fails to wear the green on St. Patrick's day. His style of lying is superb, and to assist, he uses a Winchester repeater and an adjustable pocket sword. The only drawback to his success is the lack of an audience. He is learning to chew tobacco, as he now believes he can secure more desirable photographs of actresses with "Newsboy" than with "Sweet Caporal." His photographic collection is now the largest in existence, to the aggregation of which he has devoted the whole of his life.

This one, however, speaks for itself. It is George E. Wells. Notice the magnificent patent-office-delineation of his cross section. It was acquired by him when no one was looking, while he was working for the Terre Haute Street Railway Company. He swept out the office of that institution and oiled motors for many years, and is said to be very proficient in his line. By his length he is especially adapted to adjust trolley wires and inspect the smoke stack. His manly qualities would be exceedingly masculine if he possessed any, and in which he would have a valuable possession. As it is, he is young and will certainly achieve greatness—at least in height, if his growth continues as is promised. His corpulency is a hindrance, but he is now taking anti-fat with trustful hopes.



And now, while my assistant is adjusting the lens, I will call your attention to a freak who was first noticed in a somewhat secluded township in western Ohio, was easily captured, and named at the time F. F. Sinks, a *nom de plume* by which he is yet sometimes known. Too much cannot be said about what this gentleman may yet achieve. As a civil engineer he is known all along the Wabash river as far up as Fort Harrison and down even as far as the Vandalia bridge. When only in his third year at the Polytechnic Institute he determined approximately the length of his own pace, and as far as is known no scientist has ever followed in his footsteps. He has been twenty-one years in developing his physiognomy, of which he is the sole owner and proprietor.

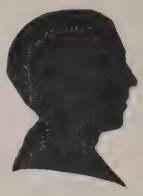
The one appearing at present is not Michael Angelo, as his angelic composure might lead you to suspect, but Michael Werk—I. M. Louis Werk, the celebrated book-maker, and a conspicuous attachment to the free-for-all pace. His experience on the turf is wide and long and exceeding deep. The results of his financial efforts have, however, been carefully suppressed. He can be recognized at once by his gold watch and chain and the three struggling and persevering hirsute appendages adhering to his chin. On these he uses condensed milk and nourishes them on Nestle's food. These three flaxen hairs are famous and rank alongside those of Bismarck.



Behold! the scene changes. This is Orange E. McMeans. He was born when quite young, and when only a boy it was predicted that he would some day become a man if he grew. Long has he been hustling Father Time to supply the demands of his frantic greed for the accumulation of years, of which he has a goodly number. His card is out as an artist, but his artistic renown is not written in indelible ink, and should always be sheltered from the spring rains. His work will bear inspection only at a distance. He once won a brass medal at the Polytechnic for his agility at covering mistakes and his unprecedented execution of a gigantic bluff.

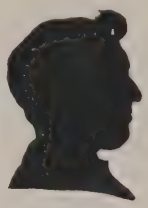
His future is as uncertain as his promise, on which I might speak for an hour, and he will go down in history (at least in his autobiography) as one who has tried to make a mark.

And now here is the pride of the ball room, and one of the very finest varieties of wall flowers, the amiable Edward H. Light. The economy of beauty which he so rigidly practices is partially atoned for by his promiscuous use of brass-colored hair. He has a sweet voice, but his style of singing was abolished by the Pope in the fifth century. His facial deformation gives a gentle hint of the acuteness of his appetite and otherwise cuteness. For general theoretical purposes he is a man fair to behold, but any practical application of his majestic stateliness has never even been thought of.



Ah, here is what I desire to call your special attention to. This pretty picture of "Innocence Abroad" is something new, and is in fact, the first time ever produced on the lecture platform. It is copyrighted and agents are wanted; unlimited territory can be obtained from Hagenbach. It meets with a ready sale among the feminine populace, and at the High School its name is a bye word. It is not a representation of a Willie boy, but a Harry, Harry T. Liggett, and not followed by any title whatsoever. Why it is he is so popular among the gentle sex I will leave as an open question which any of you may take home with you.

This somewhat diminutive fac simile of a hubbard squash is, nevertheless, a likeness true to life, of Col. Frank T. Green, of Iowa. The appurtenance attached to the northeast corner of this map-like silhouette is not a queue, but only a way he has of doing up his bangs. 'Tis becoming, to say the most, and besides is original and not to be copied. His nose serves well as a watershed to his somewhat capacious mouth and this over a well developed chin makes complete the profile of this noted man, which profile he would not part with for worlds. He at present has a corner on Y. M. C. A.'s and is said to be operating in W. C. T. U. stocks.

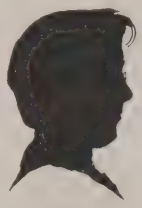


This is, however, mere gossip, as no evidence can be had at the city clerk's office.

The domesticated bull dog expression now overspreading our canvas is the property of W. J. Klinger, a somebody from somewhere. He has had much experience

and has been over nearly all the world; having been to Maxville, and made two visits to Indianapolis. His versatility in conversation is unsurpassed and he exposes it on all occasions. Has recently purchased a tricycle and is learning to ride rapidly—or, I should say, rapidly learning to ride. He will undoubtedly win laurels some day, if not whole pine forests. At last report he had not signed with anyone, and I believe, is now open for engagements.

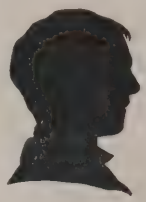
Now this marble fawn is sweet in disposition, so gentle and so kind, that future generations may rise up and call him blessed. At present, however, he is known simply as Smith, plain F. E. Smith, Jr., the simplicity of his name being in perfect harmony with the simplicity of his make-up. He was discovered in the jungles of Alabama many years ago and first exhibited at the Eden Musee. His official



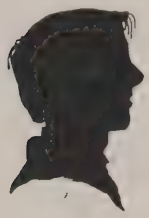
duties in connection with the 400 are telling on his nerves, but until some one is found to fill his place he will keep on filling it. At present there is no one in sight except his running mate, who is in training and would do in case of urgency. I refer to Frederick G. Hunt, whose apparition is at present haunting the canvas. He is a very uncertain quantity, but possesses many qualities. In fact, his qualities have never been enumerated, although some Coates College *savants* have been at work on the problem for a long time. His jocose proclivities were raised on a ten cent cake of Fleischmann's yeast, which accounts for the light and airy condition of his material for conversational purposes. At present his sole occupation is the filling of space, but he is soon to enter upon his duties of looking for a job.

Here is one that always pleases. 'Twas made for light entertainment and curtain lectures, and is especially attractive to children. The services of a tonsorial

artist have been engaged to replant and cultivate the premature swan's down inhabiting his upper lip, but the variety is not a hardy one and some fears are entertained. His looks may improve with age, but 'tis very doubtful. He is the inventor of the game of tennis, and ever since the working drawings were first made has regretted that he did not specify barn doors for racquets and extend the court limit back forty feet further. He cannot play tennis himself however, as he always gets in love and cannot extricate himself from its meshes until the game is lost. He has the reputation, nevertheless, of winning as many as four games every set, and sometimes five. I forgot to mention his name, it being James Farrington.



For the *finale*, I have to submit the eighth great wonder of the world, with which I will close my lecture. It is no other than U. U. Carr, the stem-winder, either rolled plated or filled. That protuberance about midway up the face is not all of his nose, a portion of which is secreted behind a wrapped up bundle of felicity just above the mouth aperture. Notice the profound expanse of contour, the general ragged projection of which so strongly suggests the application of James Pyle's Pearline. His plumage is bright and he has a cloven foot, but is not a chewer of the cud. His aim in life is high, but his sight is poor and he never shoots where he aims, so do not be frightened, ladies, he is perfectly harmless. I will leave this image on the screen, and you are welcome to remain and admire it as long as you wish. I thank you for your attention.



1. Wells and Werk have an exciting experience on Seventh street.
2. Beebe gets up before breakfast, and incidentally goes to school.
4. Werk explains how "the *diffraction* of a ray of light depends on the angle of *inflection* when entering a *refractory* medium.
5. My Dear Papa:—I bet on a sure thing—the number of pins in a cushion; they were counted by the fellows. Please remit pin money at once.

   Your honest son, W. E. Burk.
7. Smith leaves the seat of his trousers on a stool in the depot restaurant. Werk, by greater deliberation, escapes intact.
9. Meriwether gives a disquisition on his observations of the stars.
10. Hathaway fails to hold his audience.
12. Likert's overcoat stolen by a gentleman who mistakes Dr. Mees for the janitor.
14. A downtown druggist offers Sanford a job as an advertisement for his hair vigor.
15. Rose Scientific Society meeting; attendance, 5. Ducky, Doc and Howe jump the fence.
17. St. Patrick's day. The Poly loyally decorated in emerald hues.
18. Dr. Mees ends an interesting lecture on color with an advertisement for Diamond Dyes.
17. Rice conducts French recitation.
20. General assembly. Robinson's oration on "The Advantages of Systematic Physical Culture" listened to with great interest.
22. Spring vacation begins.

A Midsummer Visit.

In the midst of my vacation
When I pine for recreation,
And the many hackneyed methods have long since become a bore;
Then it is I try invention,
With the innocent intention,
To make my life end smoothly, for I care for nothing more.

Loneliness starts one to thinking,
Thoughts would drive a man to drinking,
And the monotone continues to oppress my weary soul;
E'en the park, that old attraction,
Does but add to my distraction,
And I long to drown my sorrow in the good old flowing bowl.

But at last there comes a feeling
Softly, sweetly o'er me stealing,
That once more I'd like to wander through the halls of dear old Rose;
Then I ponder o'er it deeply,
Till at last I yield completely,
And I hasten to obey it ere the summer day shall close.

Nature had herself asserted,
And the campus seemed deserted,
For on tennis court and ball ground had the weeds and grasses grown;
From the shop no smoke ascended,
And I slowly comprehended
That the wheels don't turn in summer and the place is left alone.

Long upon the doors I pounded,
But the hollow tones resounded
Back and forth throughout the building, and I pounded all in vain;
Leaning on the window sill,
Peering on the scene so still,
Went on making plans, and plotting how an entrance I could gain.

But no method was invented,
So I had to be contented
To take this rather distant view of old, familiar scenes;
But this viewing from a distance,
Seemed to bring a reminiscence
Of the trials and tribulations I had had with these machines.

It seemed as though I still was hearing,
Teeth being torn from off the gearing,
Through some youthful Sophomore's blunder in the use of wheels complex;
And could hear him, while repairing,
Strive to keep himself from swearing—
How many times and often I've been in the selfsame fix!

This was one of many a token,
But at last the spell was broken,
And I turned and wandered southward to the academic pile;
Here the doors were locked securely,
But I only smiled demurely,
For I knew of some north windows which are open all the while.

Not much time was spent in waiting,
And I very soon was skating
Up and down those classic halls in search of old familiar ties;
Scarce it seemed at all like searching,
For familiar things were perching
On the walls and floors about me till I scarce believed my eyes.

In one room some signs were printed,
Which of integration hinted,
And I closed the door right quickly lest I fall upon the floor;
Then again my thoughts were centered,
In a room which I now entered,
On the board were characters resembling H_2SO_4.

Thus it was at every venture,
Signs appeared which seemed to censure
Me full sorely for the liberties which I had dared to take;
So I found, to spare vexation,
And enjoy a fine vacation,
It is best to shun such visits, and live for laziness' sake.

In the Year 2000.

PROFESSOR BLUFFER, of the World's University at New York, sank back into his cushioned chair after touching the bell and impatiently awaited the elapse of the usual two seconds till his valet should appear. Three seconds, and yet no Watkins! Four seconds, and the professor was on the verge of exclaiming Pshaw! when a soft puff was heard from the corner of the room; a door which one would not have noticed swung open and there appeared Raff, the dust collector-boy.

"Where is Watkins?" exclaimed the professor.

"Please, sir, Watkins is sick," said Raff, speaking very rapidly.

"You have been reading those books of the nineteenth century again. They hinder the rapidity of your speech. Always put the 'please, sir' after your sentence, not before it. I can then arrange an answer while you are adding the form of deference. Now, remember. You waste a fifth of a second of my time for each mistake of this sort." The professor frowned hurriedly. "But, what is that on your hands?"

"Dust and carbon, sir. I was in the wine vault putting dust and carbon on the spider webs when you rang."

"Good! Be careful not to waste the dust by getting it all over your hands. And do the wine bottles now assume an appearance of antiquity, with cobwebs resembling those of the last century? That's good; we'll make all that new wine look like old 1896."

A bell tinkled and Raff hurried to open the receiver of the tel-phonograph, from which came the following: "Deposited at Terre Haute by James Drake. Deposited at Terre Haute by James Drake. Depos—"

"That is all right, Raff. Tell them I am ready to receive the 'message,'" said the professor, and then lounging back into the cushions he tapped his chair contentedly, murmuring "An excellent young man, but I feared he had forgotten his promise."

One or two preliminary whiffs and wheezes issued from the receiver, followed by:

"My Dear Professor:—I remember you expressed the desire to hear something of my visit to Terre Haute. Knowing you were occupied with your classes, I did not telephone but dictated my message at the tel-phonograph office that you might receive it at your own convenience.

I left New York upon the high C wave line, which I usually take when traveling, as the shrill tone is not disagreeable to me and the motion is smoother than that of the carriages driven by the energy of longer waves. Adverse winds delayed us, however, causing the journey to occupy the unusual period of three hours, and I reached Terre Haute at 12 hr. 32 min. 2 sec. It was not long before I felt the influence of student life in the town. I had disrobed, nearly ready to retire, when the aluminum woven carpet became cooler and cooler until I experienced the disagreeable sensation of cold feet. I then turned on all the available electricity into the German silver threads, but with no effect. Suddenly the carpet became excessively warm, and for nearly a minute I danced the light fantastic, and in my frenzy pulled over a book-case which I mistook for the folding bed, forgetting all the while to turn off the current. After I was safe upon the book case, I examined the carpet and found that the German silver threads, underneath the aluminum weave, were red hot. I called the bell boy for an explanation. "It's dose everlastin' Poly students testin' de electric light plant ag'in.', he said, as he snapped off the current and retired with a broad grin at my discomfiture.

The next morning I arose with the first glimpse of the sunrise, determined to make the most of my visit. I had nearly reached the Institute when I stopped to watch the progress of moving a large stone, which the laborers were with difficulty hoisting to the end of an inclined beam supported on wheels, the principle being the same as that used so universally in propelling our street conveyances. I exclaimed at the general use of this method of locomotion when an old gentleman remarked that the principle was accidentally discovered by a young student of the Institute as early as 1894 or '95. "It is related" continued my talkative friend "that young Mac-Mac-something, I have forgotten his name, but he was either

Scotch or Irish, happened along one day when an electric light crane was being hoisted into place by pulling it to the top of an inclined telegraph pole supported on a wagon. He noticed the horses held back in the harness and immediately saw that the force acting down the pole could be resolved into two components vertical and horizontal, the latter force tending to propel the wagon."

The historical Locust Street, where many a famous man has trod in the heyday of youth, the street which leads directly to the Institute campus, fulfilled all my expectations. Fragrant is the air with the scent of blooming honey locusts spreading their beautiful foliage thickly over a road way which bears the marks of student life at every step. A place to dream, to invent. North of this street and just west of the Institute is, as the Polys still term it, "Stave Pile Park." Here too are locust trees making a most inviting place for dreaming or toiling as the individual may choose. Here, one finds in the evenings of the spring and summer days the students upon luxurious chairs, and with book in hand, an incandescent lamp on either shoulder and an electric fan to decorate the hat, they chat or study at ease.

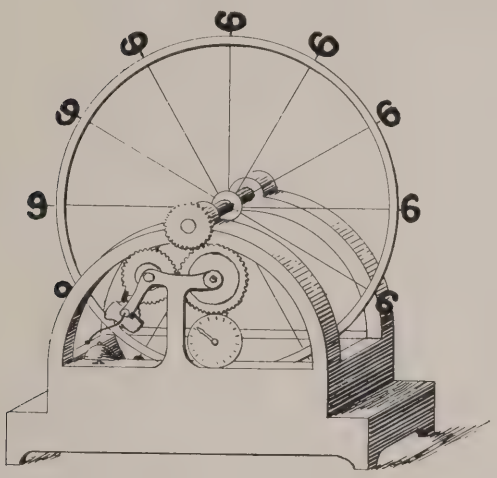
No classes were in the academic building, nor were the laboratories occupied at the early hour of my visit, so I proceeded to the shops. The most peculiar thing here is the vim with which the young ladies pound iron. To break an anvil is their especial pride for this they consider is merely obtaining the worth of the incidental fee which covers all breakages of this nature. I am told that a majority of these young women are descended from the students of Coates college, which was so famous for its gymnasium exhibitions some hundred years ago; a fact which may account for their extraordinary development of muscle. The movement towards co-education at Rose was begun by an instructor in drawing, who taught a class of young ladies at the Institute.

I found an interesting old flying machine upon the campus. It was perfected some sixty years ago but portions of it were made by a student in the class of 1894.

Of the museum building and its contents one could tell many interesting things, of which one at least, has directly affected the recent revolution of the scientific world. But to mention the building first; its form is not unlike an immense

boulder and upon inquiry I learned that its appearance is not deceptive. It was only a five-ton boulder when placed upon the campus by the class of 1896 but as promised, by the farmer from whom it was purchased, the rock continued to grow. Some thirty years later it was moved to a suitable site and there left to develop. When it attained sufficient size the interior was drilled out forming the museum as it now stands. The skylights are said to have once been the figures '96, the inner portions having fallen through.

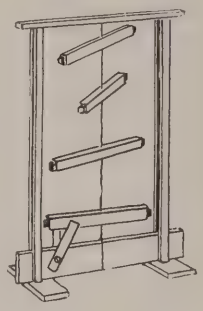
Nearly all the perpetual motion machines which at present drive the machinery of the world are modifications of the little model found in the collection here. For many years the professor of Physics used the theory of this machine as the basis for one of his many annual jokes. But at that time the true worth of the combination of '96 was not known. When, however, '96 made itself felt in the world of business and science, the matter was studied up by some enterprising student who found that what the professor thought was an impractical joke was quite the contrary. This same professor became the fourth president of the Institute, and among other mementos of him we find a peculiar dress suit which he wore on all State occasions.



A machine which is now nearly completed is due largely to the influence of this professor who in his life time was quite anxious to have the day of judgment delayed as long as possible. To accomplish this is the primary object of the machine, though really it is only a concentrator of magnetic charges. After the discovery of the true reason why the north pole continually points to the north star it was decided that if the magnetic charge be increased at the pole, the earth would then be attracted more greatly towards the north star than towards the sun, and thus our arrival at the latter place would be delayed. With the perpetual mo-

tion machines, the difficulties of a conservative field have been overcome and with a series of these machines to keep up the magnetic charge it is decided the earth can be managed very easily. It is even suggested, since the country about London has been over-tilled, that a concentrator be placed at that point and gradually swing the earth around till London becomes the pole when the fertile regions of the present north and south poles could then be cultivated.

The contents of the museum are worthy of greater mention, but the most peculiar articles are, the old magnet weighing several tons which was employed by the students in taking kinks out of iron piping; a transit marked "age 200 years;" machines labelled "Hathaway's Jigger" and "Ballard's Centrifugal Precipitator;" and a bonnet belonging to the first registrar.



HATHAWAY'S JIGGER.

You would really enjoy the antiquated sidewalks in the suburbs here, quite frequently you find a little mud hole which looks extremely picturesque. You know Terre Haute was always nearly a century behind the times in this respect. I nearly forgot to mention the scheme to travel on light waves which is now being quietly investigated. Nothing definite at present however.

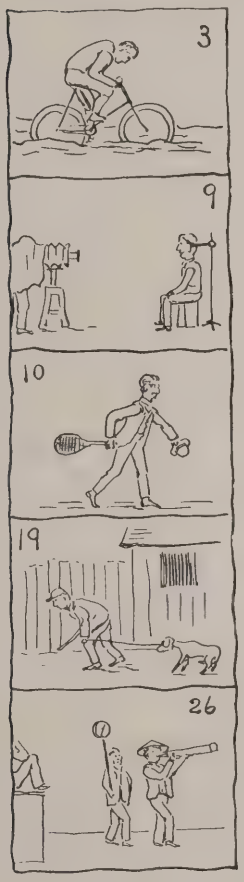
Will see you to-night at ——"

"Raff!" exclaimed the professor, without waiting for the conclusion of the message "Bring all the works on light to me at once."

"It is five seconds after the hour" gasped Raff, "Your class."

But a pneumatic tube had swallowed the professor who, in disheveled attire, reached his class at the end of the last second which he was allowed.

EDWARD POLLYMY.



3. Watt Klinger makes the first track record on the new training track. Time for the quarter mile, 2 minutes.
5. The training track is completed.
7. Crockwell mistakes Palm Sunday for St. Patrick's day, and dressed accordingly.
9. Liggett finally has his picture taken.
10. Hathaway walks a quarter, but fails to touch the record.
11. Base ball team selected.
12. Sanford performs a surgical operation on his shirt.
14. Dick Meriwether goes to church in the morning and the ball game in the afternoon. Camp appears in his ingrain carpet suit.
18. P. W. Klinger and Beebe take a bath; after two hours preparation at the bath house the experiment is successfully accomplished.
19. Carr steals a yellow dog for use in the Normal game.
20. The Normal ball players amuse themselves on our diamond.
21. Troxler attempts suicide and Burk goes into mourning; cause supposed to be the result of the Normal ball game.
22. Burk appears in a new pair of pantaloons; probably donated by the Normals.
23. Exciting race between P. W. Klinger, mounted on Prof. Place's ærial light roadster, and James Farrington, on Prof. Howe's nickel-plated racer. Klinger wins by an infinitesimal increment.
25. Rice begins to use a chair as a partner in learning to dance.
26. Dr. Mees is out of town and the Juniors give a small Charity Circus in the Electrical Laboratory.
27. Sixteen Juniors are quarantined and failed to get to their recitations.

Ode to Hieronymous.

THEY called him a swell,
But no one could tell
How he lived on six dollars a week.
But he had a way
So the dickey birds say
Of depending quite largely on check.

He went with the belle
Though it cost him like—well,
You know she required him to treat.
But what was the diff
Though prices be stiff
If a man wins a maiden so sweet.

He goes to the races;
With confidence places
His daddie's hard cash on old "Hi!"
He reasons like this:
"Here is nothing amiss
And if others win, why may not I!"

"'Tis easy," says he,
"I'll put one on the three
And take down a couple or more."
But sad to relate,
When he looked at the plate
He saw naught but ace, deuce and a four.

But that was no trouble,
The system says "double,"
So down go two plunks on the six.
Then out of the maze
Appear three lovely trays
And a premium is offered for kicks.

The fate is soon told
Of this plunger so bold
  Who tempted Dame Fortune so fickle.
At the close of the day
He turned sadly away
  And walked home, for he hadn't a nickel.

The young man so fast,
Has learned at last
  The moral that's known through our land.
"Don't ever compare
The birds in the air
  With a canvas back duck in the hand."

Their Excuses.

The following were the various excuses given by the students who were absent from Volkswirtschaft (Political Economy):

Decker—"I was sick."

Rice—"Professor, will you please excuse my absence? I was sick in my head."

Failey—"I didn't feel just able to come out."

Hunt—"I had a touch of the grippe."

Holderman—"I am very sorry, Professor, but I was indisposed."

W. J. Klinger—"Excuse my absence, I hurt my knee."

Liggett—"Professor, I was sick with a headache"

Meadows—"May I have my absence excused, Professor? My eyes were bothering me."

(Prof. Wickersham)—"Mr. McMeans, have you been sick?"

Meriwether—"My father was in town, and I had to see him."

O'Brien—"I've been laid up with a cold."

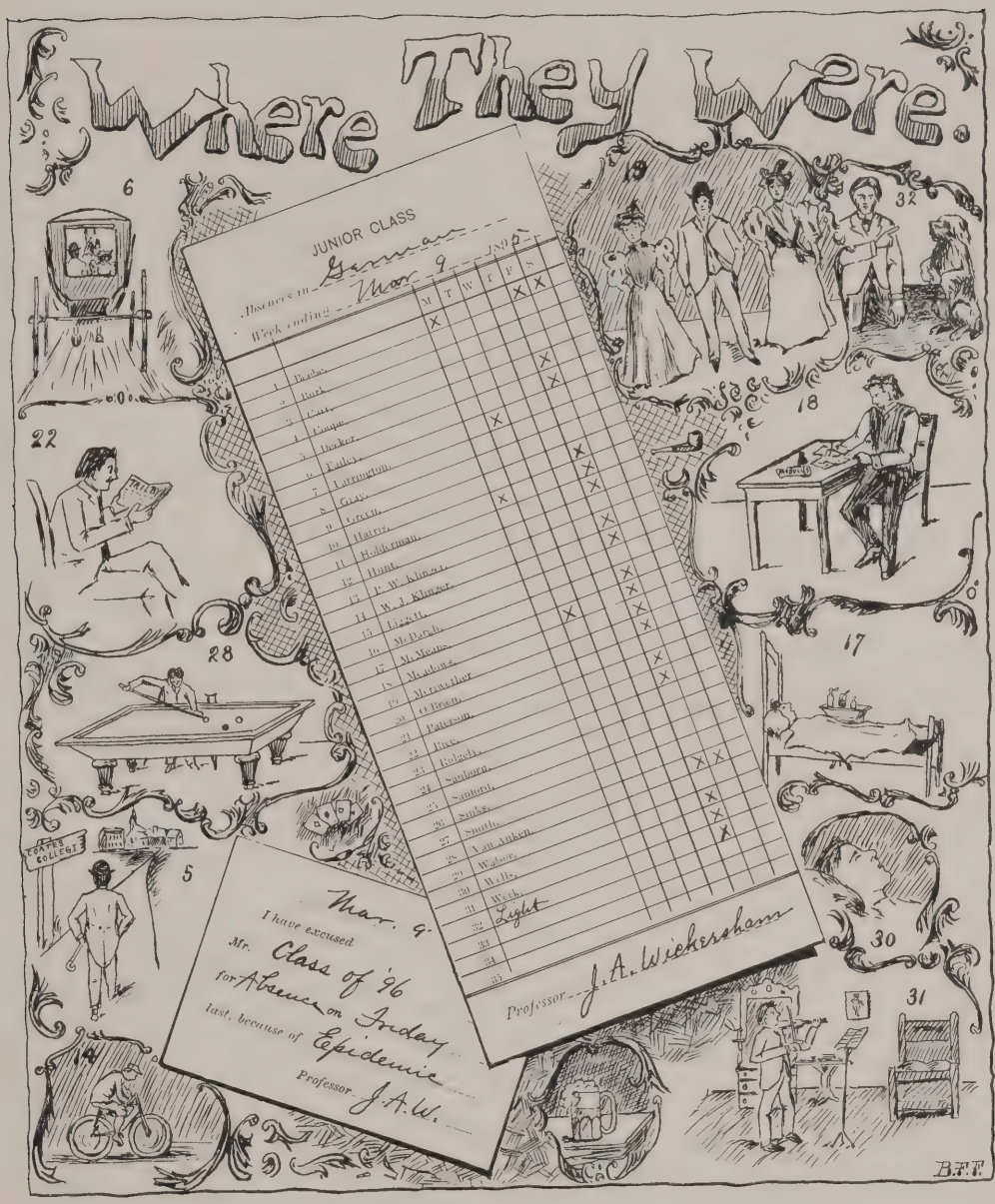
Ridgely—"The alarm clock failed to go off."

VanAuken—"Absent again."

Wells—"Professor, I had the nose bleed."

Light—"I had an engagement with the dentist."

Werk—"I burned my hand with acid, and couldn't come out."


Where They Were.
JUNIOR CLASS
Absences in German
Week ending Mar 9 1895
M T W T F S
1 Beebe.
2 Burk.
3 Carr.
4 Cooper.
5 Decker.
6 Fairley.
7 Farrington.
8 Gray.
9 Green.
10 Harris.
11 Holderman.
12 Hunt.
13 F. W. Klinger.
14 W. J. Klinger.
15 Liggett.
16 McBarth.
17 McMeans.
18 Meadows.
19 Merwether.
20 O'Brien.
21 Paterson.
22 Rice.
23 Ridgely.
24 Sanborn.
25 Santord.
26 Sinks.
27 Smith.
28 Van Anken.
29 Walser.
30 Wells.
31 Week.
32 Light
33
34
35
Professor J. A. Wickersham
Mar. 9
I have excused
Mr. Class of '96
for Absence on Friday
last, because of Epidemic
Professor J. A. W.
6
19
32
22
18
28
17
5
30
31
14
B.F.F.

What We Would Like to See and Know.

To see:

Dr. Mees get a wife, so we could have a reception once every month.
The Coates College girls oftener.
Volkswirtschaft cross the river Styx.
Professor Hathaway's necktie on straight.
The ladies wear bloomers.
Dr. Mees' jokes graphically represented.
The ball team win a game.
Professor Wickersham stop a pig in an alley.
The janitor wash the windows occasionally.
Dr. Gray "skip a recitation"
The Technic out on time.
Professor Wickersham confess a mistake.
McDargh get enough sleep.
Dr. Mees perform that experiment which "we will have to defer as the hour is drawing to a close."
"Sarah P." keep some good, hard pencils.

To know:

If Dr. Ballard intends to get married.
How many language books we will have to buy next year.
When we will get a lecture on astronomy.
If Dr. Gray's vexation is proportional to the deflection of his whiskers from the vertical.
If Crockwell could be induced to change his room.
Why Mead does not sign with a professional base-ball team.
When "Hathamatics" will discard his old hat.
Why Campbell is called Ward McAllister.
How "'Arry's" foundry business in 1868 made five hundred a week for him.

'Arry the Old Sport in 1868

Ye Editor's Wail

Oh, ye in whose breasts beat tender hearts,
List to my tale of woe.
I'm buried deep 'neath rolls and charts
Like a daffodil under the snow.

And like that floweret, young and fair,
So cruelly nipped in the bud,
I pine for the fresh and balmy air
To melt this ice from my blood.

Kind friends, this was not written for the love of poetry, but is simply a plaintive wail from one upon whom a cruel fate or, perhaps, more truthfully speaking, a cruel literary committee has thrust a great pile of miscellaneous manuscript with the request that he look it all over, select what would be of interest, revise it all and have it ready for publication within a week. Oh, how could they treat me so harshly?

What have I done? A part of my duty is to appropriate ideas from various papers and merge them into one. Each reader is hereby authorized to merge the two following specimens to suit himself. The first is from a civil engineer, who must have spent many a weary hour studying the best methods of inserting a multitude of scientific terms. It would be a shame to disappoint him by not publishing at least a portion of it. It came to me written on the finest linen paper and tied with a piece of blue ribbon. It is a beautiful theme, well worthy of the poet, but think of all that fine paper and—oh, such extravagance is shocking! He calls his poem

THE BRIDGE AND THE RIVER.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
  To ponder a moment there,
And question the shimmering moonlight
  Of my dear one proud and fair.

Alas, my fair one had riches,
  While I few shekels possessed;
Of course love often bewitches,
  But yet I was sorely depressed.

My dream of a future not brilliant
  Came to a sudden end
As I heard in tones indignant
  Two murmuring voices blend.

The voice of the River was saying,
  "Oh, Bridge, I am waiting for thee;
Be mine, and cease delaying
  Our journey down to the sea.

The chords of thy being are singing
  A strain which surely tells;
'Tis the hand of Cupid ringing
  A love song with silver bells.

Resist not the spell entrancing,
  Oh, maiden, so proud and high,
Nor say I am romancing—
  But come, to the sea let us fly.

At your feet I am humbly bending—
  Moments of suspense are as years.
Let us, the pathway descending,
  Share our loads, our joys and our tears."

That's all I can stand of the river's impassioned plea, of which there are about twenty more heartrending stanzas, but I suppose it will be necessary to quote a little from the Bridge's reply:

The Bridge, with an arch look, said
  In tones of utter disdain,
" Why, sir, I must be candid,
  Your conceit but affords me pain.

Indeed your conceit is rising—
  I perceive your swelling head.
Your audacity, sir, is amazing–
  To suppose that beneath me I'd wed.

I spring from a race of peers
  Most noble, and high, and straight;
Your folk, it oft appears,
  Are more crooked than an eight.

I've fathomed too, your shallowness,
  And below the surface clear
Are undercurrents of callousness,
  Treacherous enough to fear."

The River murmured sadly,
  And like a spirit uncaged
He rushed into the darkness madly
  And swelled with passions enraged.

To my dear one I related
  What the Bridge and the River had said;
She really looked elated
  As she turned her lovely head.

" But dreams—they never come true,"
  Murmured this pretty miss,
"Nor does this one apply to you."
  And then I gave her a kiss.

The next is from a Freshman. I know he will be glad to see it in print. The appended title is "R"osy "P"olytechnical "I"ntricacies, or Why "Rip" and "Buzz" in the "Circular Saw Dust." I hope you see the point. I don't.

Jack plane, the *bull-nosed jointer*,
Was *smoother* than he was *plane*.
His jokes never had a *diamond point*,
So they gave the *window-pane*.

His *sister-hooks* the *bench-dog*
By a *bench-hook*, in his *pants*.
And the way *shellac* to see such *vice*
Wood make you *hopper* dance.

You ought to see her *catch a crab*,
And *scratch all* out his eyes.
Catch him in the *miter-joint*
And *punch* him till he *dyes*.

You may *knot* think she *wood-shop* his *frame*,
But 'tis so, for I have *cedar*.
Oil-can see him as he *pines* away—
As a *rule* he'd like to *bleeder*.

She puts him on a *cutting-board*
To avoid a bad *gouge-slip*,
And then before her *shaving* him,
She'll *gauge* with a *scale* his *lip*.

This *knotty* girl took cold one day,
And died, on the *square*, alone.
Jack told me that the cold was caught
By sitting on *whet-stone*.

Still another paper contains a list of things we have to take:

Quizzes, Bromo Seltzer, Hash, Prunes, Girls, Money.

I don't see why he inserted the last one. The next one reads something like this:

Two shirts, one collar, three———

But that is not it. What I want is on the back of it—two phases of college life, as follows:

Plug,	Mug.
Think,	Drink.
Rule,	Pool.
Work,	Shirk.
Joke,	Smoke.
Erase,	Chase.
Recite,	Get tight.
Integrate,	Liquidate.
Steelyard,	Billiard.
Applied Mechanics,	K. Mechanics.

Ah! This must be something more worthy of publication. A little square envelope containing something beautiful, no doubt:

O, sweet and gentle spring time,

O, season loved so well———

It wouldn't take much thought on my part to finish a stanza far different from this poet's idea, and make a good rhyme, too, but I will refrain and make one more dive into this maze of papers. What have I this time?

Oh, lovey love, sweet turtle dove———

If it wasn't so far to the river, I'd go drown myself. I wonder what eight or ten feet of hemp would cost?

Modulus Committee.

EXECUTIVE,

W. L. Decker.
W. R. Sanborn.
H. H. Meadows.
O. E. McMeans.

LITERARY,

H. H. Meadows.
C. M. Ridgely.
U. U. Carr.
F. E. Smith.
E. B. Harris.

WAYS AND MEANS,

W. R. Sanborn.
W. E. Burk.
H. J. McDargh.

ILLUSTRATION,

O. E. McMeans.
B. F. Failey.
O. G. Rice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

...BEN HUR BICYCLES...

SUPERIOR IN EVERY DETAIL

. . . . Write for Catalogue . . . .

CENTRAL CYCLE M'FG CO.

No. 5 Garden St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Record Never Equaled

Twice As Good

As Other Tires

National Circuit Prizes 1894, - - - -	1,673
Prizes Won on Palmers, - - - - - -	1,135
Left for all other tires, - - - -	538

PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO.

..CHICAGO..

VANDALIA LINE

Familiarly known as the "Van."

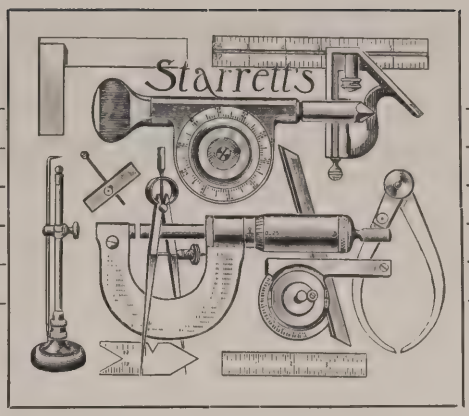
VAN, The Front of an army.—*Noah Webster.*

The "Van," always at the front in Superb Roadbed, Elegant Equipment and Fast Time. Perhaps you have never stopped to think that on the VANDALIA LINE alone 36 passenger trains daily arrive and depart from the Terre Haute Union Depot. With its through car service, it is the natural route to the East via Indianapolis, the South and South-east via Cincinnati and Louisville, the great West via St. Louis, the North-west via Peoria, the North and North-east via South Bend and St. Joseph, the Southern Mississippi Valley via Effingham. You can get reliable information by calling on or addressing any Vandalia Line Ticket Agent.

JNO. G. WILLIAMS,
Vice Prest. and Gen'l Manager.

G. E. FARRINGTON,
General Agent.

Terre Haute, Indiana.



The Business Manager of the MODULUS says 700 copies will be issued. That ought to mean at least 1,000 readers, who, as students or alumni of the R. P. I., are interested in the success of the MODULUS.

We make Fine Mechanical Tools, Draughting Apparatus and Milling Cutters. We have a neat Catalogue of 80 pages which is sent free to anyone who asks for it.

If we receive, from the readers of the MODULUS, a large number of requests for our Catalogue we shall conclude that it pays for us to advertise in it.

The L. S. STARRETT CO.,

Box 45. ATHOL, MASS., U. S. A.

USE

"DAUNTLESS" COFFEE

.... IT HAS NO EQUAL ....

C. H. SEEMAN,

Fine Briar Pipes

Cigars and Tobacco.

Pipes Repaired. 643 Wabash Ave.

Terre Haute House Billiard Parlor

The Largest, Coolest and Most Popular Billiard Room in the City.

ED. WALSH, Proprietor.

USE

"CALYPSO"

BAKING POWDER

For Sale by all Grocers

THE BEST AND MOST PERFECT.

The Niles Tool Works Company

HAMILTON, OHIO.

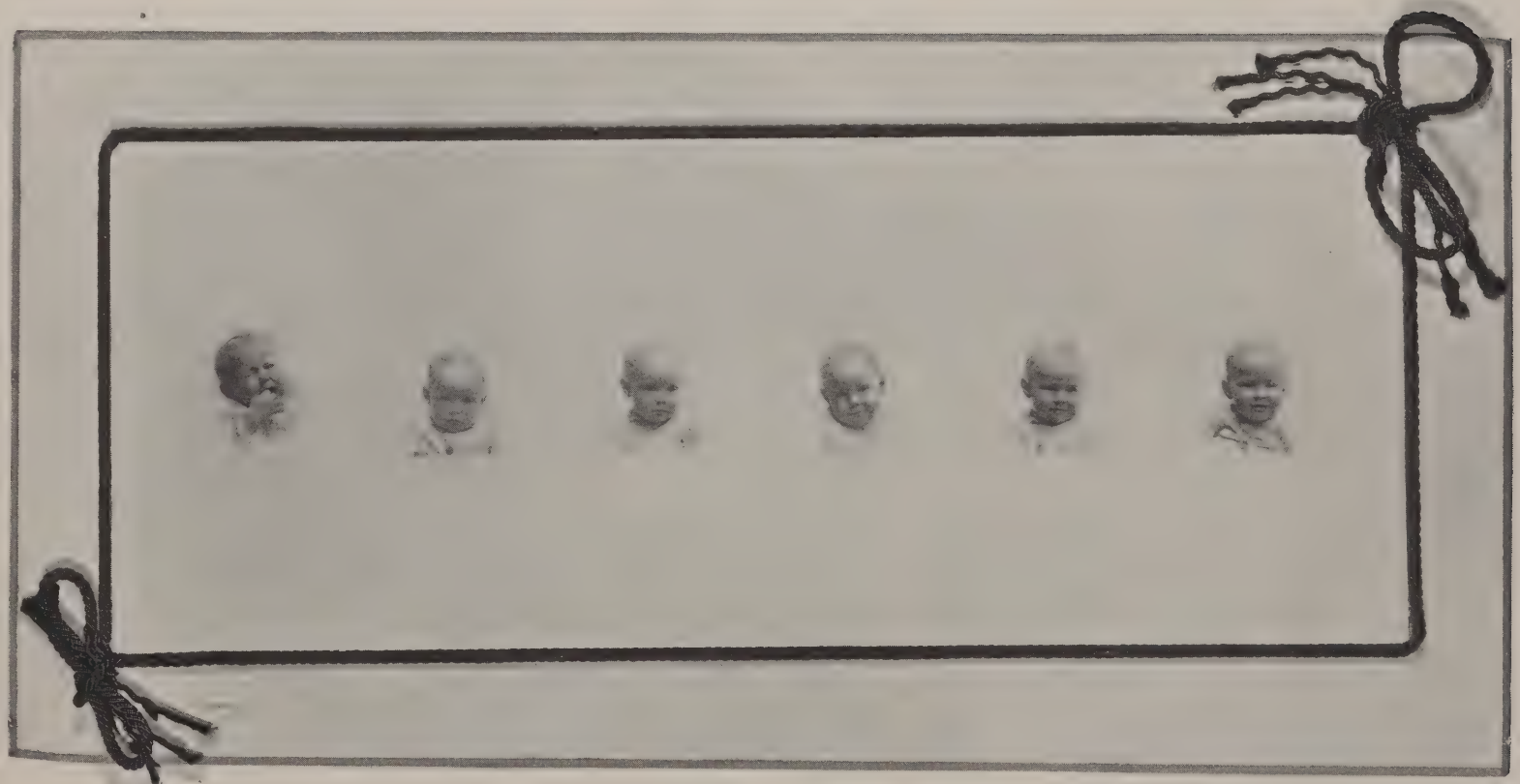
Designers and Builders of the . . .

BEST LABOR SAVING TOOLS.

Correspondence Solicited.

BRANCHES: New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston.

DIFFERENT MOODS



From Photographs taken by **WRIGHT & HOLLOWAY.**

All the Latest Styles and Finishes.

Charles Mayer & Co.

ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fishing Tackle, Boats and Camping Outfits.

.. LAWN TENNIS AND FOOT BALL ..

SUPPLIES.

Home Gymnasiums of all kinds. Fencing Foils and Masks, Boxing Gloves, Dumb Bells and Indian Clubs.

BASE BALL GOODS.

DOG FOOD AND MEDICINES

29 and 31 W. Washington St.

Send for Catalogue and Prices.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Thorman & Schloss

Leaders of Fashion

One-Price · Merchant · Tailors

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS.

Cor. Fifth and Wabash Ave. TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Artists' and Draughtsmen's Materials, Picture Frames, etc.

GAGG & CO.

648 Wabash Ave. Terre Haute, Ind.

O. M. BROWN,

DENTIST

645 1-2 WABASH AVE. TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The Poly Boys patronize the

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

Extra Fine Work Done

725 WABASH AVE.

First Class Attention Guaranteed by Experienced Workmen at the

BARBER SHOP

OF

Henry J. Voges,

PATRONAGE OF THE INSTITUTE SOLICITED. 653 Wabash Ave.

Dr. W. R. Mail,

DENTIST

529 1-2 Ohio Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

The Amusement Gazette,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

= = is the Ideal Artistic Weekly = =

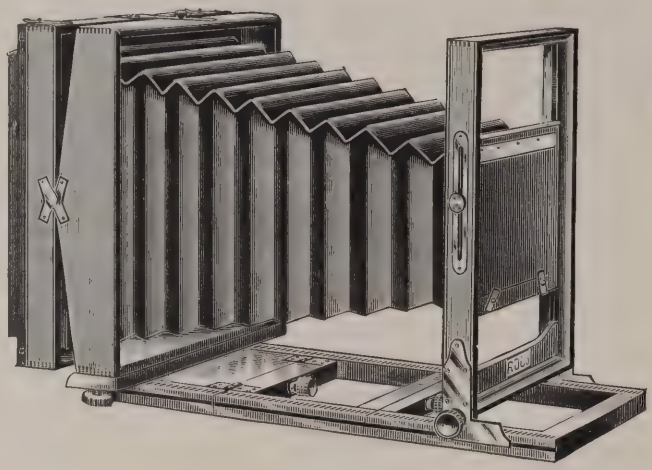
For all young men who want to be up with the times. Its

Cycling, Base Ball, Foot Ball and Theatrical News

Is Unsurpassed by any other Paper. *EMIL GROSSMAN & BRO., Publishers.*

Subscription $1.00 per Year. Sample Copies Free.

THE



EMPIRE STATE

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.'S

- - - NEW VIEW CAMERA - - -

Made of Selected Mahogany, with Brass Trimmings; has Forward Focus, with Rack and Pinion Movement, Folding Bed for Wide Angle Lenses, Wide Front for Stereo Work, and Reversible Back.

NOTE THE PRICE.

5 x 7	$18.00	10 x 12	$32.00
5 x 8	20 00	11 x 14	37.00
6^2 x 8^2	22.00	14 x 17	50.00
8 x10	25.00		

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

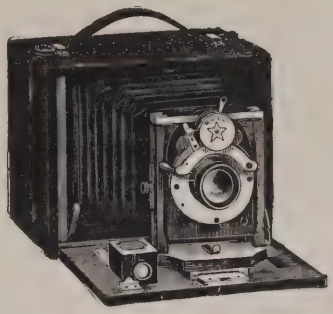
ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

~ ~ THE ~ ~

Premo = Camera

Size of
4x5
With Three
Holders:
$5\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$
Inches.



Weight
only
a
Trifle over
2 Pounds.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.

IS THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE

- HAND CAMERA -

IN THE MARKET.

Fitted with Swing Back, Sliding Front and our

= = = **NEW PREMO SHUTTER.** = = =

Extreme Compactness a Special Feature.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

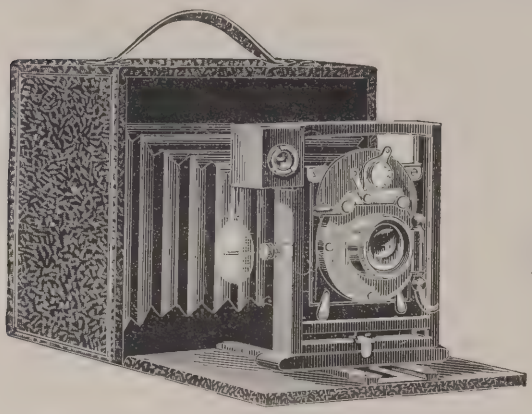
Rochester Optical Company

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

THE NEW HAWK-EYES

That have been designed for this season are acknowledged by both Professional and Amateur Photographers as THE BEST that can be obtained. Very prominent among the large assortment

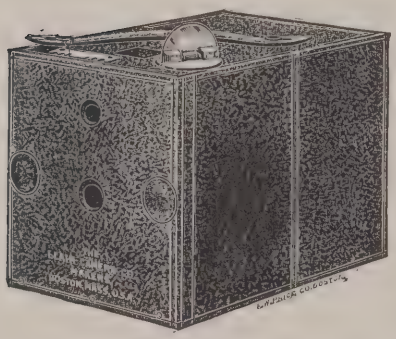
Are the 4x5 Folding and Junior Hawk-Eyes.



The 4x5 Folding Hawk-Eye.

This Camera can be used for glass-plates, cut film or roll film interchangeably without the use of connecting frames, has a swing back and also sliding, swinging, rising and falling front.

Price, with Single Achromatic Lens, - - - - - = **$15.00.**
Price, with Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens, and Automatic shutter, with bulb and tube, - - - - - - **$28.00.**



The Hawk-Eye Junior.

For pictures 3 1-2 inches square, will accommodate film for 25 exposures, and is loaded and unloaded in broad daylight. Glass plates can be used without any extra attachments.

Price, including Sunlight film, for 12 exposures, - - **$9.00**
Price, Double Plate Holders, each - - - - - - - **$1.00**

Send for Catalogue describing all kinds of Cameras, etc.

The Blair Camera Co., 471 Tremont St., Boston.
245 State St., Chicago.

H. T. BIEL,

Photographer.

. . Grouping a Specialty . .

417½ and 419½ Wabash Avenue.

Co-Operative Educational Travel

ORGANIZED BY

REV. DR. HENRY S. LUNN

Editor "Review of the Churches," London, Eng.

A $200 Tour to London, Paris and Rome.

A $200 Tour to London, Paris and Switzerland.

Tours Prolonged at Option.

During 1894 over four thousand English people traveled from London to various parts of the Continent under the arrangements which Dr. Lunn made for them. The annual Conference for the Reunion of the Churches, which he established at Grindelwald in 1892, has been attended by the Bishop of Worcester, Bishop Vincent, Rev. H. P. Hughes, Dr. Charles Berry, Pere Hyacinthe, Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard. Among those who have lectured in Rome have been the Bishop of Peterborough, Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. Haweis, Professor Mahaffy, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, and other eminent men.

Full particulars of these Tours on application to

THE PILGRIMAGE SECRETARY,

"Reviews of Reviews,"

Astor Place, New York.

Blue Print Paper

. . . For ALL PURPOSES, .

Commercial

and

Photographic.

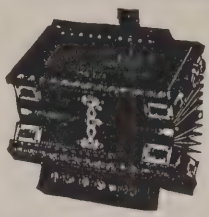
J. C. MILLEN,

921 Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOHN F. STRATTON,

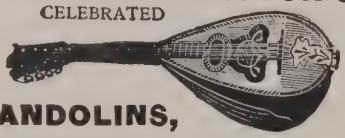
Patent June 7, '71.
SUBLIME HARMONIE



SILVER REED,
DUET ACCORDEONS,
SOLO,

Importer of and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
VIOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS, MANDOLINS,
ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS, &c.
All kinds of STRINGS, &c., &c.
811, 813, 815, 817 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
CELEBRATED



MANDOLINS,
Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
811, 813, 815, 817 East 9th St., New York.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S
CELEBRATED
GUITARS,

Importer of and
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
811, 813, 815, 817 East 9th St., New York.

SEND FOR

Special Catalogue

—OF—

Guitars and Mandolins.

Frank W. Peterschen, Director of Music, Col. Sinn's New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feby. 4, 1892.

John F. Stratton,

Dear Sir:—I have been using your Russian Gut Violin Strings for some time, as have the members of my Orchestra(We now take great pleasure in stating that for all strength and purity of tone they excel all others we have heretofore used. Yours with best wishes,

FRANK W. PETERSCHEN.

If Everybody

Were a judge of fine Laundry work we'd do all the business in Terre Haute. We do lots of it anyway, but if you are not a patron, we'd like to add you to our list. We'll do more for you in the way of repairs, new neck bands, etc, **Free of Charge** than any other laundry on earth. The . . . .

"BEST, BIGGEST AND BUSIEST"

is at your service. Say the word and one of our wagons will be at your door.

Hunter Laundering and Dyeing Co.

BAUR'S PHARMACY,

701 and 703 Wabash Ave.

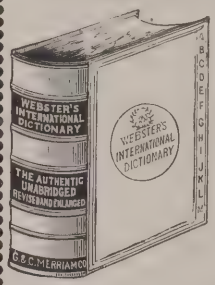
Dealers in all the leading Foreign and American . . . . .

PERFUMES AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Agents for Huyler's Celebrated Candies, and dispensers of the finest Soda Water in the city. When in need of anything in their line call at Baur's, the up to date Druggist.

Webster's International Dictionary

Grand For Ready Reference In Office, School, or Home.



A College President writes: "For ease with which the eye finds the word sought, for accuracy of definition, for effective methods in indicating pronunciation, for terse yet comprehensive statements of facts, and for practical use as a working dictionary, 'Webster's International' excels any other single volume."

☞ The diacritical marks for indicating the sounds of letters are so plain and intelligible as to be easily understood by old and young. Nearly all schoolbooks use them.

"It is The One Great Standard Authority

. . the perfection of dictionaries;" so writes Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who voices the general sentiment.

Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages, illustrations, etc.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

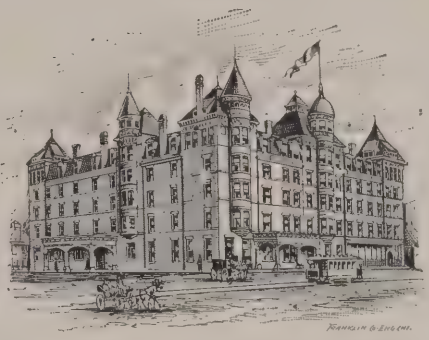
☞ Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of old Webster dictionaries.

Terre Haute House

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

LARGEST, MOST ELEGANTLY APPOINTED AND MOST LIBERALLY MANAGED HOTEL IN INDIANA

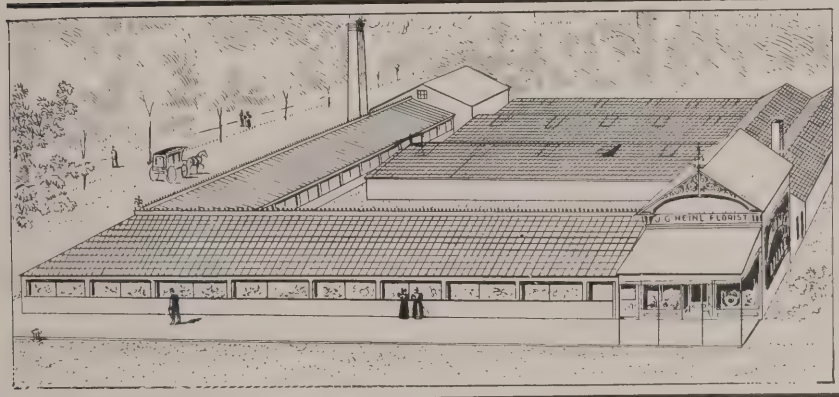
Faultless Beds, Elevators, Fire Escapes, Steam Heat and Electric Lights in all rooms. Sixty Private Bath Rooms; Porcelain Tubs. Table Unsurpassed. Artesian Water. Private Ice Plant.



Bar, Barber Shop, Billiard Rooms. Large, Convenient Hall. Western Union Telegraph and Railroad Ticket Offices. The Most Sumptuously Appointed Cafe in Indiana. Service throughout the House Perfect.

AMERICAN PLAN, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 AND $4.00 PER DAY.

CHAS. BAUR, Proprietor.



JOHN G. HEINL

Florist

The very best of everything in the line of *Cut Flowers and Designs.*

FINE CONFECTIONS
and ICE CREAM.....

BERKOWITZ,

669 MAIN STREET.

Terre Haute Transfer Co.

AT ALL HOURS DAY OR NIGHT — CARRIAGES, BUSSES, AND BAGGAGE WAGONS.

THE FINEST CARRIAGES IN THE CITY FOR PARTIES.

Office 620 Wabash Avenue.

Telephone 90. TERRE HAUTE, IND.

ANY LADY

Who is not conversant with the various uses of our Yeast . . . for Plain and Fancy Vienna Baking; by mailing to our . . . address 25 tin foil wrappers with our YELLOW LABEL . . . AND SIGNATURE attached, shall receive by return mail, . . . in care of her grocer, free, our "HANDY BOOK FOR . . . HANDY PEOPLE," containing recipes for all kinds of . . . Baking and Fancy Dishes, and either of our beautiful . . . Banners, entitled "Little Sunshine" or "Little Sweet- . . . heart." These Banners are works of art and would . . . grace the walls of any home in the land . . . . . .

FLEISCHMANN & CO.,

Original Manufacturers of Compressed Yeast.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

☞Send your grocer's name and your own address in full.

Music is the religion of an entire world, of which poetry is only the highest philosophy.
—Jos. Mazzini.

And all kinds of Musical Instruments from a Piano to a Jews Harp, together with Strings, Furnishings and everything known to the music trade can be had at

W. H. Paige & Co's. Music House

We make a Specialty of HIGH GRADE

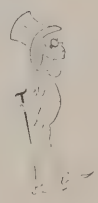
GUITARS, MANDOLINS, BANJOS, ETC.

And carry a large catalogue of Music for these instruments.

No trouble spared to obtain anything published, and all sheet music at one-half the marked price.

640 Wabash Ave. **F. L. PAIGE, Mgr.**

Fine Tailoring,
Furnishing Goods,
Stylish Hats,



C. Merritt,

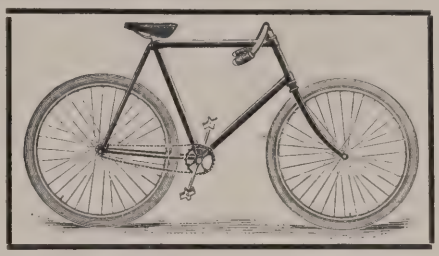
645 Wabash Ave.

The National
ONE OF MANY
The public's representative
presenting the 'National'
to his Constituents
NATIONAL
CYCLE MANUFACTURING
CO.
BAY CITY, MICH.
ITS
CATALOGUE
TELLS ITS
MERITS
ITS
VALUE LEARNED
BY USE

CYLCING

RIDE .

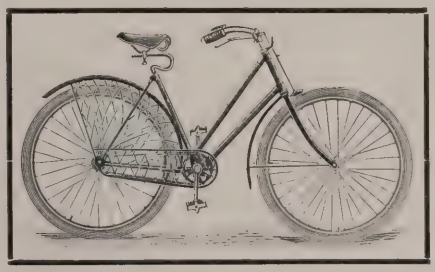
THE .



- CLEVELAND WHEEL.

A PERFECT BICYCLE . . . . . .

. . . . . FOR A GLORIOUS PASTIME.

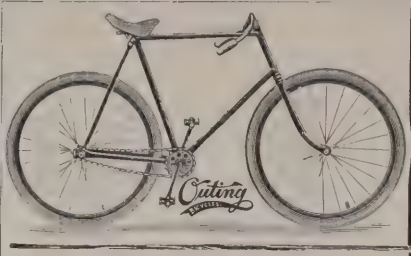


Light, Strong,
Durable,
Beatifully Made,
Elegant Lines,
Fine Finish, Easy Riding,
Light Running.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

- - H. A. LOZIER & CO., - -

CLEVELAND, OHIO.



There are Bicycles

and Bicycles,

But Some are Better than Others.

The **Outing** BICYCLES. *has a few points that readily recommend themselves to practical men.* . . . . . .

Our combined crank and sprocket axle is one strong point, while our front fork is double and strongly reinforced.

—IT SELLS FOR $85—

And is Manufactured by

HAY & WILLETTS M'fg Co.,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Buntin Drug Co. . . .

Dispensing

Chemists.

Agency for Plow's Candies.

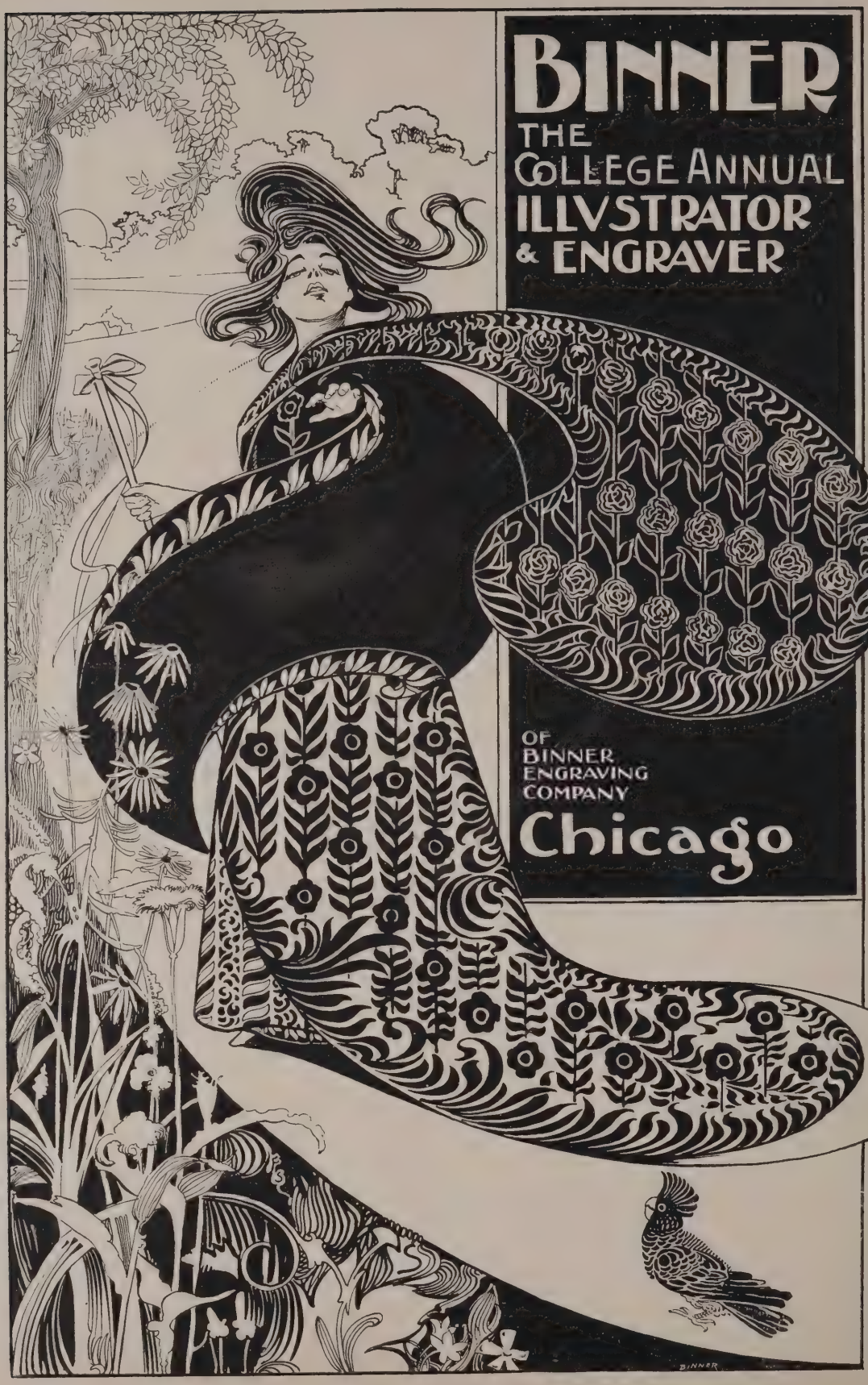
COR. SIXTH AND WABASH AVE.

THE = BIG = STORE

HAVENS & GEDDES CO.

J. Q. BUTTON, Mgr. Book and Stationery Dept.

A Full Line of School, College and Miscellaneous Books constantly in stock. Fine Stationery at Low Prices. Special orders for anything not in stock given prompt attention.


BINNER
THE
COLLEGE ANNUAL
ILLVSTRATOR
& ENGRAVER
OF
BINNER
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
Chicago
BINNER

MOORE & LANGEN,
PRINTERS AND BOOK BINDERS.
TERRE HAUTE IND.